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The Week

THE West Indian hurricane, the most serious in many years, has left a trail of loss and suffering, and one which will be multiplied unless relief is extended on a great scale. In the French West Indies the death toll was 300, in the Virgin Islands nearly fifty, in Florida forty more. In Porto Rico, which was in the full path of the storm, the loss of life was serious, though exact figures are not yet known. Governor Towner estimates that 350,000 persons have been rendered homeless, and the economic life of the island is at a standstill. A task almost comparable to the feeding of the Belgians during the War has been created, and will need to be carried on during at least four months. The American Red Cross has of course come to the rescue. Food worth $150,000 has already been shipped from New York, but this is only a beginning, and a small one. The American people will need to dig deep into their pockets to help the stricken regions get back to normal life.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has hinted broadly that if the Anglo-French naval agreement is not repudiated, the United States may stay out of the next session of the League's Preparatory Commission on Limitation of Armament. At the Geneva Conference, it will be remembered, the American delegation offered to join in reducing the total tonnage of auxiliary craft to any amount desired; but they insisted that the United States should put its own tonnage, whatever that might be, into 10,000-ton cruisers armed with eight-inch guns. The reasons for this were two: our lack of naval bases, and the small size of our merchant marine compared with that of Great Britain. The British refused to agree to reduction on this basis, and the conference ended in failure. If the terms of the Anglo-French understanding have been correctly reported in the press—and President Coolidge, who ought to know, evidently thinks they have—France has now accepted the British position, in return for Great Britain's agreement that trained French reservists need not be reckoned into any accounting of her armed forces. In these circumstances, another arms conference would be foredoomed to failure of a disagreeable sort, and it is probably better to postpone the whole matter for a time than to risk a repetition, which would be doubly serious just because it was one, of the fiasco sixteen months ago. Meanwhile, it is perhaps not amiss to mention the bad manners which are being displayed in Washington over the matter. Secretary Kellogg's ostentatious avoidance of London while abroad, and Mr. Coolidge's veiled threat, both suggest an irritated petulance which bodes ill for our all-important relationship with Great Britain.

THROUGH the haze of words, the proposed new arrangement between France and Germany is beginning to take form. France is willing under certain conditions to remove the troops from part of the Rhineland, substituting a civilian commission, which would itself be ended in 1935, the date set in the Versailles Treaty for evacuation of the territory. But this concession Germany must buy. There are several things which the French think she might do in exchange. She might make a large cash payment on reparation account in advance of the schedule, she might agree to the sale of railroad bonds and other forms of reparation security to private individuals, the proceeds to be paid at once

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to the Allies; she might coöperate with France in trying to get America to come into a general settlement of war debts and reparations. As to the third of these projects, there is the best of reason to believe that the American government would reject it decisively if it were brought forward seriously at this time. President Coolidge certainly is not prepared to go through with any such enterprise in the final months of his administration, and his successor will hardly care to launch so serious a matter at least until he has been long enough in office to orient himself. If the reparation bonds were to be sold, and the obligation thus converted from a political to a private debt, they would need to be disposed of in Great Britain and the United States; and this would raise the most serious difficulties.

THE main facts about the reparations question are in danger of being obscured by the details of payment, and it may be well to remind ourselves categorically of some of them. (1) Germany agreed to pay reparations "with a pistol at her head," so that in reality she had no choice. (2) The obligation rests on article 231 of the Versailles Treaty, holding Germany solely guilty of the War, a statement which neither the Germans nor responsible historians of other countries any longer accept. (3) It is highly dubious, to say the least, whether the present full schedule of reparations payments can be kept up, except out of borrowings, as has been the case with the partial payments of the past. (4) If the payments are maintained, it will be primarily at the cost of the working people of Germany, who will be forced down to a lower standard of living than they would otherwise enjoy. (5) Keeping French troops in the Rhineland ten years after the close of the War—to say nothing of seventeen years—is an act which few persons today in any country are prepared soberly to defend. It is probably because the French realize this that they are now seeking a chance to withdraw, and to be paid for doing so, before the pressure of public opinion requires them to get out without any remuneration.

EVERYONE knew in advance that this campaign would be marked by a bitterness not equalled in a generation. Moreover, because of the character of the opposition to Al Smith, it was certain that slanders would be broadcast by surreptitious means, slanders of a sort exceedingly difficult to trace down and answer. Governor Smith has nevertheless succeeded in doing so in one instance. When he was told that a certain lady was quoting a letter supposed to have been written by another lady, to the effect that he was intoxicated at the New York State Fair, he set an investigation on foot, and out of it came: first, a denial by the alleged author that she had written such a letter; second, a denial by a prominent Republican who was with the Governor on the day cited, that the statement was true; third, a statement by the supposed recipient of the letter that she "had lost it"; fourth, official records showing that, contrary to the allegation, the Governor made no speech, and was not scheduled to make any speech, from his box at the State Fair. Governor Smith's action won't put an end to the whispering campaign, and whether or not it was politically wise is open to grave question: it probably served to bring the allegation to the eyes of millions who might not otherwise have heard it, and to start a fresh crop of whispers in every part of the country. But it was brave. If you contrast what Al Smith did with what Herbert Hoover would have done under the same circumstances, you get as accurate an indication as you could ask, of the essential difference between the two men.

THE American Civil Liberties Union is engaged in collecting evidence of intimidation of American citizens here in the United States, by the Fascist government of Italy. It has already gathered the following examples of the sort of thing which is going on:

> An Italian-American who has been an American citizen for more than thirty years was called to the Italian Consul's office in New York to explain why he had sent to Italy anti-Fascist newspapers.
>
> Another Italian-American of years' standing was investigated by the Consul in Philadelphia because he entertained a distinguished Italian anti-Fascist at his home.
>
> Another Italian-American, failing to hear from his parents in Italy, found that his mother had been visited by the Fascist militia and warned not to correspond with her son who is anti-Fascist. They told her they would "get him, even in America."
>
> An Italian, who has been an American citizen for twenty-eight years, lost a job he had held for years when the Italian Consul put pressure on his employer because he had been present at an anti-Fascist banquet.

The Civil Liberties Union points out that such activities by agents of a foreign government violate the rights of American citizens and the treaties between the United States and Italy. It is preparing a formal protest to the Secretary of State, and in the meantime asks anyone who knows of other cases of similar character to notify the Union at 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

IT IS strange-sounding news which comes from the Philippines. Manuel Quezon, for many years the leader of the independence movement there, has made a speech praising the new economic policy advocated by Governor General Stimson, which would throw open the doors to outside capital, and urging the Filipinos to accept it. Quezon insists that this would not mean the permanent enslavement of the Islands, as some have feared, arguing rather that with the development of industry and agriculture the Philippines will become economically

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strong, and can then make their voice heard in the political field to greater effect. He is careful to say, however, that he proposes no modification of the present land law to permit great rubber estates on which the natives would work in virtual peonage; what he wants is the investment of foreign capital in various enterprises on such terms as will enable these to pass gradually into the hands of the Filipinos themselves. It is interesting that this statement should come in the same week in which Russia has stressed her need of new foreign capital in large amounts, and has declared her intention of offering concessions which will be more attractive than any of the past. The need of capital for industrialization in this modern world is one which transcends economic theory as ruthlessly as it does emotional nationalism.

BROOKWOOD Labor College is making some headway against the incautious condemnation of it contained in a resolution of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor. President Green has promised not to communicate to the affiliated unions the advice to withdraw support from Brookwood, until representatives of the school have been heard and the matter has been taken up again with the Executive Council. The United Textile Workers of America—surely not a radical body—at its recent convention received and listened to A. J. Muste, Dean of Brookwood, as a fraternal delegate and showed its friendliness for the school. The Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers have likewise endorsed it. Mr. Muste will be given a hearing at the convention of the International Association of Machinists, which is to consider a proposal to discontinue Brookwood scholarships, and it is probable that he will have strong support from numerous influential delegations. Altogether, the prospects are bright for a repudiation of the ill-considered secret report on the basis of which, without hearing or corroboration, the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. acted.

THE fact that Ahmed Zogu is now King of Albania, instead of its president-dictator, has made precisely no difference whatever in the international situation around the Adriatic. Albania is still hardly more than a province of Italy. The hostility which exists between Albania and Jugoslavia is in reality a part of the hostility between Jugoslavia and Italy. The Jugoslavs have lately been preoccupied with their internal difficulties between the Croats and Serbs, but this fact does not prevent their being apprehensive about the position of isolation into which they feel Mussolini is maneuvering them. The new "friendship policy" between the two countries is the flimsiest of diplomatic inventions; a breath would destroy it, and there is no guarantee that the Fascist dictator will not blow that breath. The Balkans, which have been a source of danger for so long, continue in their old role.

The Rehabilitation of a National Democracy

SINCE the delivery of the speeches in which Messrs. Hoover and Smith accepted their nominations, there has been little or no vigorous and clarifying discussion of the questions of public policy which divide the candidates and the parties. At both headquarters they have been more occupied in keeping "personalities" out of the campaign than in getting issues or meaning into it. The newspapers and the two nominees for Vice-President have carried on a desultory debate, but its effect on the public mind, if it has had any, must have been confusing and relaxing. Their efforts have not helped the voters to understand what the contest is really about. Probably a majority of them guess that it is chiefly about prohibition, but Senator Robinson is naturally doing his best to imply, if not to affirm, that there is no reason why loyal supporters of the Volstead Act should not vote for him and for Governor Smith. The Republican speakers are not, at least in the East and Middle West, talking much about prohibition. They are glorifying prosperity and defending protection, neither of which the Democrats are threatening, and they are trying to beguile the Western farmer not to abandon faith in the G. O. P. In spite of the speeches of acceptance, the definition of campaign issues and the debate about them before the forum of American opinion has not properly begun.

By the time this article is read, however, the long period of mere sparring will have come to an end. Before September 20, both Hoover and Smith will have appeared on the stump, and they will, we hope, have delivered speeches which will start something moving in the minds of their dazed fellow countrymen. Certainly it is time for Governor Smith to give those Western voters, to whom he is still chiefly an upstart Tammany politician, some taste of his quality and some inkling of what he is doing. He will not have any chance of being elected unless he can attract popular sympathies and stimulate popular thinking. Opposed as he is by a party of intrenched conservatism, he must be magnetic, provocative and progressive, or succumb to the dead weight of Republican inertia. No doubt he himself understands this condition of his success and will feel his way towards a dramatic attitude and emphasis which will focus popular attention on him and foment popular curiosity and expectation. Even then, however, he cannot afford to be explicit about the meaning of his campaign. He cannot discuss or even mention the most important result which his strategy must seek to achieve. He has to attract millions of Republican or progressive voters to his party without for the moment scaring away any important part of its existing membership. The most momentous question which will be decided on November 6 will be

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implied rather than clearly stated by his conduct of the campaign.

That question is whether Governor Smith can reinspire and reëquip the Democratic party to compete positively and aggressively with the Republican party for the control of the federal government. It is not wholesome in a self-governing country for the dominant party not to encounter a more vigorous, self-confident and enterprising opposition. The G. O. P. itself is suffering from the demoralizing effect of being too easily victorious. Millions of voters call themselves Republican and usually prefer Republican candidates, not because the policy of that party satisfies their political conscience, but because the Democratic party does not provide them with any positive excuse for transferring their allegiance. Yet these hyphenated Republicans frequently prevent the real Republican party from carrying out the policies which its leaders recommend and the larger part of its membership presumably prefer. The Republicans would be more efficient if they were less numerous but better united. It is the impotence of the Democracy as a national party and its lack of dynamic impulse which persuades so many really doubtful voters to maintain their political standing by enrolling as Republicans.

The comparative origin and history of the two major parties accounts in part for this impotence. From 1800 to 1850 the Democratic party represented the formative aspirations and activities of the American people. The country was then chiefly an agrarian democracy. But since the rapid growth of industrialism and the connivance of the Democrats with slavery, they have never for long succeeded in being anything but a negative alternative to the Republicans. The latter emerged after the Civil War as the representative in politics of an alliance between a triumphant industrialism and the wheat and corn growing states of the West. The Democrats, on those rare occasions when they won presidential elections, twice sought to moderate the protective system, on the old ground that it discriminated too much in favor of industry, but their efforts under Cleveland and Wilson were only half-hearted and did nothing to benefit agriculture. The Democrats have never succeeded in interpreting the needs and regaining the confidence of the agrarian interest. Notwithstanding the plain fact that industry was the chief beneficiary of Republican policy and notwithstanding recurrent outbursts of agrarian discontent, the Republican party has never for long lost the support of the farmers. It has remained, as compared with the Democratic party, the more national and often the more progressive party. It embodied and spoke for a combination of the dynamic economic activities and interests of American life. The Democratic party, on the other hand, represented only an artificial partnership between a section and a class—between the defeated South, which, being only partially reconstructed, insisted on special interests of its own, and miscellaneous groups in the large Northern cities whose members were usually wage-earners or salaried workers and were frequently of foreign origin. It was strong enough occasionally to elect a President by taking advantage of popular discontent with the Republican party or of Republican disunion, but it did not represent nor could it effectively oppose the business interests which dominated the activities, the standards and the practical ideals of American life.

There have been several spirited attempts to develop the Democracy as a positive alternative, both politically and intellectually, to Republicanism, but they have never overcome the handicap of its economically unrepresentative character. Grover Cleveland, the first successful post-war Democratic leader, cultivated the independent voters with some success, but he ended by actually antagonizing the agricultural interest whose allegiance the Democratic party needed. William J. Bryan took advantage of the ensuing period of agricultural discontent to attack the Republican system, but his counter-program was based on an economic fallacy, and he himself was an agitator who represented an emotional dissatisfaction with Republicanism rather than a substantial alternative to it. After 1900 the progressive ferment broke out in the Republican rather than in the Democratic party. Mr. Wilson profited from resulting Republican dissensions to get himself elected, and subsequently he reëlected himself by recruiting new Democratic voters in the more progressive agrarian states west of the Mississippi River. He did what he could to frame out of the traditional Jeffersonian ideology a constructive outlook for a reinvigorated Democracy, and during a period of peace he might gradually have won for his party the allegiance of the classes which possessed motives to be progressive. In the end, however, the grim realities of the War forced him to bury the New Freedom in an obscure and forgotten grave. His passing left the Democratic party no less impotent and bankrupt than it was before his coming. It has abandoned the causes for which it has recently stood, such as tariff reform and American participation in the League of Nations, and it has not adopted any substitutes. The two elements in its composition, viz., the rural South, which is intolerant, narrow and unprogressive, and the working people of foreign origin in the Northern cities, who are easy-going and pliable, engaged four years ago in a fierce quarrel which was ended by the selection of a meaningless compromise candidate. Davis was so hopelessly defeated that it was a question, after the election four years ago, whether the Democratic party could ever come back.

It was obviously futile to deal with such a desperate predicament by any but an heroic remedy. Assuming that the Democracy could scarcely survive another utterly humiliating defeat, the only apparent chance of regaining prestige was to fall

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back on the popularity of Al Smith of New York, who was the leader of the foreign-born or bred Democratic voters of the Northern cities. It was a bitter pill for the Southern members of the party to swallow, but they finally gulped it down. Their decision to take their medicine may be interpreted in one of two ways. It may either be a confession of helpless ineptitude which can end only in party dissolution or it may be the symptom of an underlying vitality which will in the end triumph over its own infirmities. In either case, however, the Democracy abandoned the effort to save itself by its own devices. The party could be rescued, if at all, only by bold and capable individual leadership, amounting almost to dictatorship. The Democrats, when they nominated Al Smith, practically placed themselves in the hands of a receiver, but with instructions to carry the business on rather than to wind it up. His party will have to place itself for the time being completely in his hands. From the beginning it has depended for its functioning more on the practical dictatorship of one man than have the Republicans.

It is not, of course, certain either that the task will not be too onerous for Al Smith or that the Democratic party, as soon as it learns the price which it will have to pay for its revival and perpetuation as a national party, will submit to the necessary discipline and sacrifices. But he is committed by the predicament of his party, by the circumstances of his nomination, by the logic of his origin and career and by the momentum of his personality, to make the attempt. Progressives and independents have every reason to afford him the chance. The lack of essential difference between the platforms and the recent performances of the two major parties is not a sufficient reason for refusing to vote for him. As a candidate Al Smith embodies an implicit but a radical protest against the perpetuation of the Democratic party as a mere complacent accomplice of Republicanism. The restoration to effectiveness of progressivism in American politics demands either the rehabilitation of the Democratic party or its extinction. Its regeneration as an instrument of progressive political ferment in America is possible and Al Smith is going about it in the most promising way. He is trying to reinvigorate the party by the infusion into it of new blood and the grafting on it of new stock; and he is seeking the new blood and the new stock in the only source from which they can come—from an alliance between the agrarian states of the West and the urban democracy of the North and the East.

The Democratic party, beginning in 1896, has attempted several times to break the Republican grip on these states, and on several occasions it has partially succeeded, but it never succeeded for long. In 1924 Coolidge and La Follette between them almost wiped it out as a political factor in that part of the country. But Al Smith can offer to the discontented farmers of that region a more profitable alliance than any which Bryan or Wilson could offer. He represents a class of workers in the large Eastern and Northern cities which has never been allowed to participate effectively in national politics and which is by way of attaining some political self-consciousness. The discontented farmers, on the other hand, have a genuine and a lively grievance against the effects on their prosperity of Republican rule, and they have every reason to substitute for their past alliance with the Republicans and their occasional flirtations with the Southern Democrats a new partnership with the northern Democracy. It would be an experiment which is suggested by the critical and exposed position of both of the proposed parties to it. If it can be started and if it endures, the Democracy may again become a national party in the sense that it is committed to the realization of essential economic needs of a majority of the American people—needs which the Republican party has failed sufficiently to recognize and to satisfy. It might then become a genuine national Democracy as it was before the split over slavery and during the leadership of Andrew Jackson.

Hoover on Labor

HERBERT HOOVER'S Newark speech on labor is a sincere expression of what is in the man, and as such it reveals at once his greatest strength and his greatest weakness.

His strength lies in his humanitarian aim and his technical competence to aid industrial management in the improvement of the physical setting wherein it carries on its function. He really wants to abolish poverty and unemployment, and to aid the creation of high standards of living for everyone, so that the individual and the family may have the background of happiness. He sees that the task of doing so is a complex and difficult process, not yet completed. Advance has been made; more advance must be made. He is not averse to inventing new technical ways of accomplishing the result; his eyes are upon the job, not upon the finished sanctions of the past or an accepted and unquestioned set of abstract principles. He is not so much interested in assertion and assent, in words and formulæ, as he is in a chance to act.

In all these respects he is far from the fundamentalist Republicanism of Coolidge and Mellon. In some instances the words he uses are the same, but they evidently carry a different meaning to him. Coolidge or Mellon would likewise have asserted that prosperity exists, and that the tariff and Republican statesmanship are responsible for it. But having done so, they would have felt that they had accomplished all that was called for in reference to labor; they would have dismissed the subject from their minds. Mr. Hoover, on the con-

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trary, comes with difficulty from the realm of endeavor to reveal, somewhat haltingly and without eloquence, a segment of the activity that really engages him. He makes obeisance to party shibboleths, but as far as they signify anything to him, they do so as plans of action which must be further elaborated in the light of present needs.

Seeing that foreign trade was essential to a development of our manufactures, he set to work to strengthen the Department of Commerce as an agency of information and encouragement for those who might sell abroad. The expansion of such sales which has occurred since the War, he says truly, has helped substantially to sustain our production. He realized that one of the basic engineering defects of the building trade was the fact that its man-power and equipment remained idle seasonally during the cold weather. By aiding the effort to spread construction throughout the year, he helped the industry and the many others dependent upon it. He has led and encouraged the movement to eliminate wastes in other industries, by simplification of sizes and styles, and otherwise, thus lowering costs of production. He approves attempts to minimize industrial conflict between employers and wage-earners, and especially commends the increasing realization of workers that higher productivity and better methods constitute a path to higher standards of living. He sees that restriction of immigration is not a handicap to industry, because, while it tends to raise wages, it also stimulates inventiveness in improving methods and reducing labor costs. One gets the sense that he intends to continue the effort to augment industrial production by the encouragement of such technical advances, through coöperating with business men. Anyone studying Hoover's career with discernment might have predicted that this is the sort of thing he would consider important.

The weakness of his outlook and his intellectual grasp, however, is equally clear to anyone expertly acquainted with the problems of labor. Though he correctly assumes that industrial prosperity in the sense of active business is essential as a basis for the material welfare of the wage-earner, he tends to assume, incorrectly, that nothing else is necessary. The successes which business has achieved in the United States in the past few years are, to him, *prima facie* evidence that conditions are essentially sound for everyone. He relies upon the profit-seeking activities of private enterprise, aided by competent technical advice, to solve all problems. Such problems as it has not solved he either fails to understand, or minimizes. He has not applied such critical intelligence as he has either to basic economic questions or to the evidences of serious maladjustment which do not fall within the scope of his particular formulæ for welfare.

Take, for example, his treatment of real wages and the tariff. Real wages, he begins by saying, have improved more during the past seven and a half years of Republican administration than during any similar period in this or any other country. Later he states that "at the height of war inflation" real wages were 30 percent above 1913, and that now they are 50 percent greater than in 1913. Whether by the "height of war inflation" he means 1917 or 1920, the period from 1913 to that date is obviously shorter than seven and a half years, and the 30 percent gain which he says was registered is obviously greater than the gain which he says has been registered since. And a Democratic administration was in power during the War. His own statements are therefore hopelessly self-contradictory. Furthermore, they are further from accuracy than statements about real wages (at best uncertain) usually are. No competent economist has assigned a gain as large as 50 percent to real wages since 1913. The whole gain is probably nearer 25 or 30 percent. Mr. Hoover says the cost of living is about 60 percent above pre-war; the National Bureau of Economic Research has just said it is (for industrial wage-earners) about 71 percent above. On this point Mr. Hoover ignores the figures even of the Department of Labor.

Mr. Hoover is apparently ready to trust and to use inaccurate figures because he assumes that a great increase in industrial productivity *must* be accompanied by an equally great increase in the purchasing power of wages. A more careful and critical study of the figures would have indicated to him that this was not the case. The entire increase in industrial real wages since 1913 has not been nearly so great as the increase in productivity. National wealth and income have grown much faster than the wage-earners' welfare. The increase in real wages between 1913 and 1920 was apparently somewhat larger than the increase in productivity, and very probably was due to a temporary advance in labor's bargaining power. The most rapid increase in real wages was between 1920 and 1923, when, on account of the depression, retail prices fell more than wage rates. Since 1923, when Coolidge succeeded to office, there has been no appreciable increase in real wages, although productivity has jumped by leaps and bounds. The significance of this whole matter is, that the welfare of labor emphatically demands attention to other things than the technique of production. High production is necessary, but labor does not automatically benefit from it.

In a previous editorial we have analyzed Mr. Hoover's international comparison of "bread-and-butter" wages, in so far as it relates to the effect of the tariff on labor. It is less accurate than the studies of the International Labor Office, which themselves are so fragmentary and uncertain that the Office denies they prove anything about general international wage levels. Four of the six trades it covers are not protected, and cannot be protected, by the tariff. The other two are not so far above foreign wage levels, in some cases,

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as the first four. The table likewise shows that British wages, mostly non-protected, are higher than the wages in Continental protected nations; and it therefore proves nothing about protection. The most that can be said is that American real wages are probably higher than those in other countries, for a number of important reasons, among which competent economists emphatically do not include the tariff. A general revision of tariff schedules downward might easily disturb industrial conditions, but the Democrats pledge themselves not to indulge in such a revision, while the Republicans threaten a general revision upward, which is likely to be just as disturbing to industry.

While Mr. Hoover admits the depression in coal and textiles, he assumes that they are improving and that a continuation of his policies will further that improvement. He does not seem to realize that these depressions are quantitatively about the most serious possible, because more persons are employed in coal than in any other American industries except agriculture and transportation, and that textiles come next. He does not see that technical improvements in already over-productive industries, without other measures of control, merely aggravate the problem. He does not admit that, in spite of the recommendations of the Coal Commission, nothing has been done by this administration to institute such control, and, in the absence of action, coal mining has become more disorganized. He does not perceive that in spite of high protection for textiles, the industry is in a worse depression than for many years. Apparently such considerations do not make an impression on his mind, because they fall outside his bent for coöperation with existing forms of private enterprise.

Most menacing of all is his cavalier treatment of unemployment. He takes credit for the Republican Commission on the subject in 1922, but fails to remember that among the important recommendations of that Commission, besides those for more trade statistics and industrial coördination which the administration aided, were others in the interest of labor, which it ignored. How about a national system of free, public labor exchanges—incidentally, the one adequate way of discovering currently the facts of unemployment? He does not even mention it. How about unemployment insurance? He does not mention that, either, unless we are so to take his reference to foreign "doles to the idle and other measures of desperation." If thus he means to condemn unemployment insurance, his words are as misleading and anti-social as could be uttered by the blackest reactionary. How about advance planning of public works to create a "prosperity reserve"? He vaguely talks of it, but evinces no understanding that, in order to be effective, such a measure must, as the Commission's report stated, be systematically administered by an agency created for the purpose, and capable of planning in advance.

The unemployment of 1921 having been relieved by industrial revival, he appears to believe that efforts to aid productivity and eliminate waste will prevent any serious emergence of the problem again. Referring to the crisis of last winter, he attributes it to such transitory causes as the Mississippi flood, Ford's shut-down, and the collapse of real-estate speculation. "An accurate survey of the Department of Labor," he states, "showed that, even including the usual winter seasonal unemployment, about 1,800,000 employees were out of work." This is a flat and inexcusable misstatement of fact. The Department of Labor made a questionable estimate of the *shrinkage* in the *number employed* between 1925 and 1927, without allowing for unemployment at the base period, the movement of farmers to the cities, or the increase of population. Though Mr. Hoover later asserts his support for more adequate figures on unemployment, he accepts this fragmentary one without question, and he assumes that the crisis has now passed, with no factual evidence other than that in recent months production has increased.

Why? Undoubtedly because he accepts the crude automatic theory of economics that, as he says toward his conclusion, increased productivity increases wages and buying power, this increases demand for commodities and services, new industries spring up and offer more employment. All that it is necessary to do, he assumes, is to start the ball rolling by augmenting productivity. But economists themselves do not accept this theory except as a very general statement of what is likely to happen in the long run. They well know that rapid industrial changes have in the past created, and still create, serious unemployment for long enough periods to demand relief. They realize that if the coöperation, or even the assent of the workers in improved methods is to be stimulated, they must be safeguarded against such maladjustments. Mr. Hoover simply does not want to go outside the realm of technical management as carried on in private enterprise in order to investigate this matter. He asserts that unemployment is self-remedying, without even consulting the available statistics as to what industries have sprung up, how much they have expanded employment, and whether they have taken up the slack. Nobody who has analyzed these statistics shares his unconcern.

Likewise nothing could be more inconsistent, from the economic point of view, than Mr. Hoover's simultaneous interest in extending foreign trade, and his insistence that the tariff must bar foreign goods from entering this country. He entirely overlooks the most important cause of our growing foreign commerce—namely, the rapid extension of our loans of capital abroad.

Somewhere there is a blockade in Mr. Hoover's mental processes. Strangely enough, and yet naturally enough, it is the same blockade that exists

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in the minds of business executives—with some creditable exceptions. He means well; he performs well within an important but limited sphere of activity; but he simply will not face the facts in areas where ordinary private enterprise is incompetent to deal with them. He withdraws from reality wherever reality exhibits unpleasant characteristics of unmanageability through neat engineering processes, resting upon the accepted doctrines of the successful. He will help American business enterprise tremendously to do the best it can in its own way; he will not stand outside it, to help remold it in the interest of the people.

Morals in Philadelphia

IT is bad news which comes from Philadelphia. Despite the years of effort, under General Butler and others, to clean up the town, the revelations of the past week or two indicate that the situation there is quite on all fours with that in New York, Chicago and elsewhere. It is reported that, within a year, bootleggers have deposited in the local banks at least $10,000,000 and probably much more. With only two exceptions, every important police official has been receiving presents from the chief of these gentry, "Boo Boo" Hoff, who, for example, distributed $250,000 to the custodians of the public safety last Christmas. Total annual bribes are believed to have been at least $2,000,000 a year. As in other cities, gangsters have acted as the bootleggers' private police, and have killed one another, or anyone else they were told to, using machine guns purchased more or less openly from specialists in arms and equipment for the under-world. Organization and discipline have gone even further, for the gangsters have set up a private court of their own to settle disputes between rival groups, and learned counsel have appeared before it for plaintiff and defendant.

Police graft is no novelty in Philadelphia, and neither is an elaborate organization of the criminals. Both have existed for many years, there and elsewhere. Prohibition has driven an enormous business underground and thereby increased the amount of money which is involved, but there is no difference in principle between gamblers and brothel keepers bribing fifty men with a thousand dollars each, and bootleggers bribing twice as many with ten times as much. The first thought of many people will be that machine government in Philadelphia is to blame, and it is true that the Vare organization in that city is one of the worst—which is to say, most efficient and most brazen—in the whole country. Yet it is not improbable that, even without machine rule, the graft would exist. It would not be so efficiently distributed, and perhaps would be somewhat smaller in total quantity, but these are differences of no great importance. Turn out the whole city administration, and put in an anti-machine group, and the present arrangements would hardly be impeded for a day. Dismiss the entire police force, and it is likely that in two or three months new contacts would have been made with the new men which would be indistinguishable from those District Attorney Monaghan and his grand jury are at present so busily unearthing.

The real difference between present-day conditions and those seen formerly lies in the attitude of the community in general. In Philadelphia, as everywhere else, the moral indignation which was created by public knowledge of bribery based on gambling and prostitution is not found when we come to bribery based on bootlegging. The mass of the people now greet it with easy cynicism as something to be expected. A sharp distinction should be made on behalf of the group which conscientiously believes in nullification, breaks the law reluctantly in order to force the issue upon the attention of the American people, and is prepared to accept the consequences of such a policy. As our readers are aware, the New Republic believes there is much to be said for such a course on the part of a conscientious person who regards the present situation as intolerable. Infinitely less desirable, in our judgment, is the far more common attitude of those who pretend to support the Eighteenth Amendment, while in fact secretly and systematically breaking the law. There can be no doubt that thousands of such persons exist in Philadelphia, as everywhere else, who will vote for Hoover this year partly or wholly because he supports prohibition, though they patronize, and intend to continue to patronize, the bootlegger. These persons, in our judgment, constitute the real menace to sound American doctrine. They want prohibition enforced against the poor but not against the well-to-do, and they are as callous to the hypocrisy of their personal stand as they are to the shocking specific results of which the Philadelphia investigation has just given us some inkling. As long as they continue in their present course, it will remain overwhelmingly difficult to get an honest consideration of the realities of enforcement.

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The Pact in Its European Setting

THE recent solemnity in Paris had its intellectual value for a reflective spectator. As one scanned the faces of the statesmen seated on the dais of the gilded room, one seemed to be watching a living model of the European landscape. The rather abstract phraseology of the pact echoed in one's ears, while the eye perceived the manifold variety of nations which it presumes to bind. Here, under the set smile and ceremonial clothes, were the passions which make our world. Some renounced war with fear at their hearts, others under the tug of gnawing suspicions, and others again, royally, imperially, like men who perform a magnanimous action. It was a bold deed, and doubtless a salutary deed, to bring into this various world of reality the power of an abstract idea. For the moment, we have in Europe the depressing sense that, in this contest, reality has won. In our first mood of skepticism, we were deeply impressed by a remark of Lord Cecil's. He pointed out that the pact did what even the League's Covenant did not quite do: it abolished war as one of the recognized institutions of civilization. It was, then, if it was anything at all, a revolutionary idea. It must do what we expect from revolutions: it must sweep away the lumber that has gathered round this obsolete institution—a mighty dust-heap, which begins with the so-called laws of war, and ends with the bombing planes and the tanks. One has watched the working of Mr. Kellogg's revolutionary thoughts with such hope as one could muster. That institution of war has seemed to fare as nature fares in the Latin proverb—you banish her with a pitchfork, but still she rushes in.

The banished institution has rushed in through a spreading pattern of holes in this once flawless pact. History, no doubt, will point to the work of Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand, and record their reservations with a reproachful, "See what a rent the envious Casca made." But it was a nearer friend, a veritable Brutus, who began this operation. Little was left of the abolition of war, after Mr. Kellogg had announced that each sovereign state is itself the sole judge of the circumstances in which, under the plea of self-defense, it may resort to war. When he added that it would do so, "international agreements notwithstanding," one reflected that the German Chancellor had made the same observation in 1914, in rather more picturesque language. For this is the doctrine of "the scrap of paper." After this, one felt no surprise when Mr. Coolidge denied that the pact had any connection with disarmament. This mental traveler, this dangerous revolutionary thought, has completed its pilgrimage round the earth, and it has found us all stiffened in our habitual attitudes. It found Washington still adamant in refusing recognition to Moscow. The British Empire is more than ever aware of those irrepressible protective instincts which it feels toward "certain regions," and in its constant endeavor to save their inhabitants from themselves, it retains in these regions the use of war as an instrument of policy. How else could it, on the next occasion, deliver an ultimatum to Cairo? M. Briand surveys the post-war map of Europe, and recalls the numerous provisions of the Versailles Treaty which owe their sanctity only to the combined power of the French, Polish, Czechoslovak, Jugoslav and Rumanian armies. Mr. Hoover advocates preparedness. Lord Cushendun, vocal, since the British general election lies many months ahead, blurts out the comment that we must not expect the pact to make an end of little wars in distant parts of the earth. The test has worked. The real world has defined itself.

What shall we say, then: were these signatures insincere? Only the ignorant and the simple will think so. Diplomacy subjects itself to continual suspicion, because it uses an elaborate technical language. One day, in the interest of peace, it is imperative that a glossary should be published. The statesmen honestly repudiated war (with certain exceptions which they scrupulously enumerated), since war must mean a violent attempt to upset the Versailles system which resulted from their victory. The occasion was a solemn ratification, after the lapse of a decade, of the European system which rests on the twin pillars of French supremacy on land, and British mastery at sea. War in the accepted diplomatic code has a recognized meaning. It is an attempt to upset this system.

This system, one has been forced to realize during recent months, has renewed its vitality. There has been, without a doubt, a tightening of the Anglo-French Entente, which Le Temps defines as "the confident Anglo-French collaboration for safeguarding the general peace." The diplomatic glossary would probably tell us that this latter phrase means "maintaining the Versailles Treaty." It is important to grasp this local and European significance of the Entente, for the recent development has been gravely misunderstood in America. The tightening of the bond plainly had its origin in the fears which of late have haunted the pillows of French and British statesmen. The French were seriously upset by the growing boldness of the German demands for two alterations in the system. They are probably prepared for an evacuation of

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the occupied provinces much in advance of the dates (1930 and 1935) specified in the Treaty. But they expect a very substantial consideration in return for this favor, and feel outraged when the Germans demand unconditional evacuation as one of the fruits of Locarno. They were, however, still more gravely disturbed by the recent renewal of the agitation for the union *(Anschluss)* of Austria and Germany. Napoleon II fought the war of 1870 to prevent the union of South Germany with Prussia. The prime objective (in its later phase) of the Great War was to break up the military and economic combination known as *Mittel-Europa.* But here are the vanquished actually proposing that union of Berlin with Vienna which has always been the nightmare of the French political tradition.

On the British side the cause for anxiety lay, of course, at sea. No one supposes that the failure of the Geneva Conference has ended the whole debate over armaments. The crucial issue is still the classification of cruisers. For sixteen months the League's preparatory commission at Geneva has made no progress toward disarmament. It has been held up by an apparently irreconcilable difference between the British and the French. Each was maneuvering for a position which would leave its own armed supremacy untouched by disarmament. The British contended (as in the Three-Power Conference) for a certain method of classifying the various types of warship. The French wished to add up total tonnage, and leave each power free to concentrate, within this total, on such types of ships as suited its peculiar needs. Here, then, was one disagreement. The other revealed itself on land. The French wished to exclude trained reserves from limitation; they would agree to limit the professional army (which they have lately increased), but they would consider no proposal to restrict their right to train and equip the entire manhood of the nation. In other words, they were contending for the institution of conscription, or, as they would put it, for the democratic ideal of the armed nation. It is only fair to them to add that they were willing to agree to a limitation of expenditure and of material, and also to accept international inspection. These things the British government, to its discredit, opposed. Without raising a debate over the idea of a national militia (which is what the French conscript army will be, when the term of service is reduced to a year), one must realize the bearing of this issue upon the Treaty and the system. The Treaty forbade Germany to train her manhood in arms, or to maintain any reserves whatever. Mr. Lloyd George seems to have believed that he had imposed this model on Europe, and Englishmen, or at least English Liberals, interpreted the famous promise in the Treaty to mean that the victorious powers would eventually scale down their armaments, not merely to the German level, but to the German system. That was always a sanguine interpretation. But the French doctrine involves a perpetual denial of equality in Europe. It means that France and her satellites will always be allowed to maintain both a small professional army and an indefinitely expansible national reserve. For all time Germany is forbidden to arm or train more than her allotted 100,000 men. That is the corner-stone of the European system, which is built on the single thought of reserving to the victors a monopoly of armed power. This system the British were imperilling by their contention that trained reserves must be reckoned, and may be limited.

The system has won. The British government has withdrawn its opposition to the French contention about trained reserves. The French government has reciprocated by accepting (more or less) the British contention over the classification of warships. (One must say "more or less," for the documents are still unpublished.) The document is not, of course, a treaty: it is simply an agreed draft which the two powers will jointly place before the League's Disarmament Conference. What the first land power and the first sea power propose is law for the Old World and the League. But the proposals for disarmament (if that is the appropriate word) at sea, mean nothing until Washington has completed its examination of them.

Some Englishmen realized at once what an excessively rash and improper thing the British government had done. In the midst of a difficult controversy with the United States over naval power, it has, by a concession in another field, purchased the support of France for its own contention. It has aggravated this unwisdom by the secrecy of its procedure, for it is thanks only to the greater frankness of the French that we know anything of the valuable consideration which they have received. Such doings will not assist an eventual agreement between London and Washington. But it is important to see this move in its historical perspective. It is part of a tendency to buttress the European system, of which the walls had begun to show some ominous cracks. It reconditions its three pillars—the supremacy of the French on land, the sea-power of the British, and the perpetual inferiority of the Germans.

There will be ample opportunity, before the month of September is over, to test this diagnosis. It is unlikely that the naval "compromise" (as the French call it) was concluded without some survey of other questions, though one need not suppose that there was any formal negotiation. Two great powers do not assist each other to maintain the specific armed ascendancy which each values, unless each is satisfied that the policy of the other runs parallel to its own. France would not oblige us in this way, if she saw a risk that we might desert her in the Austrian question. But the Rhineland furnishes the immediate test. The Kellogg pact was, morally, a perfect occasion for the presentation of Germany's demand for evacuation. "If Lo-

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carno (with my free renunciation of all thoughts of *revanche*) was not enough," she might argue, "if my admission to the League did not make it improper that the troops of other members should occupy my territory, surely this general repudiation of war has turned military occupation into an anachronism and an offense against the spirit of the age?" This is, indeed, so clear, that France cannot return an uncompromising and unconditional refusal. But it is well known that Sir Austen Chamberlain has told Berlin that its demands are untimely. In plain words, he will put no pressure on France to yield, and will presumably assist her, when this matter is eventually discussed in its association with debts and reparations, to drive a hard bargain. She will not surrender the advantage which she draws from her aerodromes on the banks of the Rhine, without a *quid pro quo* in cash. In this blackmail, unless one is much mistaken, she will have the support of the Tory government. It may have been no more than a soldier's indiscretion that British Hussars in the occupied territory chose this moment to join a French brigade in military maneuvers, but one does not wonder that Germans see in this incident an ominous indication of the whole drift of British policy.

"But how much further," the American reader will ask, as we also are asking, "does this thing go? Is there a formal alliance? Are the two powers in effect one power at sea? Has the ratio of equality in sea-power been destroyed by the addition of the French fleet to the British?" Frankly, it is not yet possible to answer all these questions. There is no formal alliance. But if it is asked whether the British and French naval staffs now consult each other in the disposition of their forces, one cannot answer with any assurance. That was done before the War, under Lord Fisher's management. More than anything else, it was this which committed us to share in the War. Did the practice cease with victory? Or have the periodical conversations, neglected for a time, become of late more intimate and less perfunctory? It may be so: we do not know. One notes, however, that Frenchmen (in spite of the caution of the semi-official Temps) believe that it is so. A popular Parisian newspaper can announce that Britain has become "the sailor of France" and France "the soldier of England." It is, in any event, inconceivable that the British and French governments can have sanctioned any discussions of naval arrangements which contemplated joint operations against the United States. The French would no more tolerate such criminal folly than we should. But a tightening of the Entente there visibly is: that it translates itself into military and even naval conversations is possible, and even probable. But the Entente is an arrangement for the support of the European system. If it extends beyond Europe, it is aimed only at Soviet Russia, or possibly at Turkey. Sailors and soldiers prepare for many a contingency which politicians would describe as remote. This entire policy is as detestable in its methods as in its aims: the thing which I have called the European system is the curse of the Old World. But may one of its consistent critics avow his belief that it is this system, and not any consideration drawn from Anglo-American naval rivalry, which has inspired the *rapprochement* of recent months?

The European landscape, as one sees it illuminated by the high ideals of the pact, has its deep patches of shadow. But it would be a grave mistake to write in a mood of pessimism. We are turning, with a rapidity which soldiers, sailors and Tory statesmen consider dizzy and dangerous, into a friendly and pacific continent. If, in 1914, Mr. Bryan had dared to propose what Mr. Kellogg proposed, a peal of derisive laughter, in French, German, Russian and English accents, would have hailed his pact as a crude American joke. I can imagine the comments (not for publication) of M. Clemenceau. Today no one dared to treat it as a joke: we merely thought that it was too simple a means for attaining a difficult but desirable end. Again, if Herr Bethmann-Hollweg could have visited M. Poincaré in Paris as Herr Stresemann has just done, it is probable that there would have been no war. That this could happen, while the French still keep watch on the Rhine, and could happen for the first time in sixty years, is the most startling sign of the change in our European world. Nor is the change confined to the upper ranks of the politicians. A month ago, on the occasion of the Socialist Conference in Brussels, I watched German and Austrian students marching, in step with Belgian youths, behind banners which proclaimed their unity. Ten years ago their fathers paraded these streets as conquerors: their sons came to take before Belgian witnesses an oath of resistance to war. Mr. Kellogg is not in advance of the age: on the contrary, in his old-fashioned views of defense and preparedness, he is far behind it. If we have witnessed a rally of the Old Guard to the defense of the Versailles system, that is because the system itself is growing obsolete. It is the function of conservative statesmen to delay inevitable change. Our continent will yet be worthy of the pact which it has signed. It would assist the process, if its authors should come to perceive its relation to disarmament, and its incompatibility with the anarchist doctrine that each of us is the proper judge of our rights of defense. In this round world, things turn in a circle. When Germany no longer has grievances which would tempt the most pacific nation to arm, it is probable that even France may be satisfied with a different ratio of armed force. The evacuation of the Rhineland comes first: the union with Austria should follow somewhat later. When these are accomplished, the European system will be a memory, and with it, in the Old World, will vanish the institution of war.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

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Beginning . . .

The Re-Discovery of America: XXI

I

WITH tragic need, America needs groups. Groups to capture our chaos as consciousness captures the sense. Groups to make bowels and limbs and heart of the American body; to be our brains and our spirit. The method of American life must be the group. . . . Why have we no groups? Why have all the efforts, since America began, to form real groups failed always? Why do the modern groups, spiritual, intellectual, artistic, political, drop off or grow rotten or crassify into cliques? (Gangs, of course, we have: clubs, chambers of commerce, political parties are gangs.)

The individual who is false is insecure; and the individual who is convinced of his own separate, substantial ego is false. His aloneness, which is his conscious boast, is his unconscious anguish. He knows, more organically than all his proud assertions, that there is chaos and a lie in him. *He distrusts himself.* Therefore, he distrusts others: particularly those who are most kin to him and with whom he will strive to form a group. This basic, though unconscious, self-distrust distils the aggressiveness, the greed, the envy, the weak faith, the falseness, the laxness which rot the group into atoms mutually repellent or into a clique bent on self-indulgence. And that is why there is no American group. And that is why there are American gangs. For the gang is the anodyne for insecurity; it suffuses the ego into the herd and warms it with numbers.

If the method of American life is the group, the method of the group is the person. There can be no integration of America without the group whose integral sense of the Whole will make it whole; there can be no group without the person whose integral sense of the Whole is his life. But there can be no person of this kind without a method to create him. (The mysticality of groups, lending them virtues beyond the stuff of their members, is false. To place half-rotten apples in a barrel does not heal them.)

Thus far we have come. We have moved with open eyes through the wondrous jungle of our world—under its carapace of "order"—where all lives and all deaths join pregnantly. And we find ourselves. What can we do with ourselves?

The mere desire to do or to be anything is futile. Into the chaos of good intentions, all words and programs fall like dust on a sea. The modern man, we know, who sets out to act directly on the Mass will be like the fly which thinks it turns the wheel. Since our democracy is an unconscious creature, enslaved to Power, captained by blindness, calling its blindness light, there is no hope in serving it on its terms—and on any other it will not attend. But the mere desire to serve the truth in ourself is also vain. What each of us calls self is a mass no less blind, no less imperiously captained by its instinctive lusts, than the democracy. True creation within any substance—though it be the stuff of our own flesh—must be preceded by a compassionate detachment. We cannot transfigure clay, granted we can grasp it, if our hands are clay. We cannot transfigure the world, while each of us is in the state of the world. We cannot create a group, while *we* are chaos. The transfiguring must first be in ourselves.

How is this to be done? I have looked into the deeds of men: seen their behavior in what they call religion, government, war and in what they call peace: their doings in business, play, family, friendship. And I conclude that men are not better than or different from myself. I look into the deeds of myself. I know that love of beauty, the sense of the splendor and the holiness of life are in me; yet I know that these fair devotions have not prevailed against the falsehood and distemper that make the life I have lived. I look again at mankind. The same fair devotions are in them. All men, like me, love beauty, bespeak the good; yet their history like my own deed is shame and violence. If devotion to what I call truth has not transfigured me it has not transfigured the world. Like me, mankind professes peace and loves war, despises Power and dies to gain it, believes in justice and practises disaster, knows it is One and rends asunder. All the study of my conscious hours has not prevailed against the chaos in me. All the scriptures of Wisdom, I conclude, will not prevail against the chaos of the world—this chaos of which America is archetype and product.

II

What is needed is a method for working within us toward specific controls and aims, as sure as the methods of the engineer. From the point of view of a methodology of behavior, the culture of medieval and of modern Europe appears in its true light—as an orgy of sentiment and unorganized intuition; and the archaic cultures of the East seem vastly more scientific than our own. The Hindus, for instance, not long after the Vedic epoch, developed techniques for transfiguring the man according to an ideal. The ideals of the East are not ours, therefore the methods of the East must

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not be ours. . . None the less, it may help us to examine them. In the "Digha-Nikaya" and the "Majjhima-Nikaya" of the Buddhist Pali Canon, we have an explicit description of such a method.

> In this method, brethren [the Buddha is made to say], a brother goes to the forest or to a lonely place, and there sits down cross-legged, and holds his body straight, establishing concentration between his eyebrows. Then he breathes in mindfully [aware] and mindfully breathes out. As he draws a long breath, he knows, "A long breath I draw in." As he breathes out a long breath he knows "A long breath I draw out." . . . With the thought "In full body consciousness I breathe in" he trains himself; with the thought "In full body consciousness will I breathe out," he trains himself. With the thought "Calming down my body compound, I will breathe in" he trains himself. With the thought "Calming down my body compound I will breathe out" he trains himself. . . . Just as, brethren, a clever turner . . . when he gives a long pull to his lathe is aware "I am giving a long pull" . . . even so does a brother train himself. . . . Thus he abides regarding body either in its inner or its outer state or both. He abides observing the rise or fall of things in the body or the rise-and-fall of things in body. Or else with the thought "It is body" his mindfulness of body is established just sufficiently for him to know its existence and to become concentrated. Thus he abides detached and he grasps at nothing at all in the world . . . etc.
>
> Thus, brethren, does a brother abide in the Contemplation of body. Then again, brethren, a brother when he walks is conscious "I am walking" . . . etc.
>
> Then again, brethren, a brother examines this same body upwards from the soles of his feet to the top of his head. He regards it as something enclosed by skin and filled with contents of divers kinds *as a thing impure* . . . etc.
>
> Then again, brethren, suppose a brother sees a dead body thrown away in a charnel field, one day or two days or three days old—bloated, black and blue . . . and he compares his own body with that, saying to himself: "Here is this body of mine, it is of such a nature as that, it has not gone beyond that" . . . etc.
>
> In the same way, brethren, a brother when feeling a pleasant feeling is aware "I feel a pleasant feeling." . . . [1]

——and so on, through the contemplation and mindfulness of feeling, of thought, of ideas. The aim in this Buddhist method was, of course, to free man from "this death of life," to get him off the Wheel and on to the Ariyan Path which led to the absolute, immaculate Life called Nirvana. The Buddhist was a transcendentalist with dualistic definitions. Truth was "beyond," real life was unsubstantial and different from matter. All that arose from the senses and from earth was Ill. And "the Way was to the Ceasing of Ill"—to the complete transcendence of all percept, emotion, thought and even dream. The method of which I have culled extracts worked scientifically toward this goal. It was an imaginative process realizing in the adept his own definitions. A definition of a word is its articulated image. The "mindfulness" or self-observation created the desired image of the world: the image, in this case, of all sensory, emotional, mental being as impure, as outside the "I," the image of the adept's own body as part of this impure, external being and as also outside his "I." The adept, therefore, in his mindfulness was merely imagining life as he already defined it—he was realizing the image of his own definitions; and by so doing he actually moved himself, made himself over, according to his values, since man is moved by images and only values experienced as an image are cogent to move him. (That is why the method was purely applied science.) Thus, he came gradually to reject the external world, and his own emotions, thought and body, by the constant process of imaging them as outside him and as impure. He induced in himself the state of profound dissociation from all activity, a state seemingly disembodied, undifferentiated, very close to death.

Of course, such a method is not for us; since it is the working out of values and of definitions which we properly reject. The point is, that here was a method for moving man in his own desired direction by cutting through the clouds of precept, morality and exhortation and establishing in him a dynamic image *which did move him.*

The Egyptians also probably had such methods; the legend of Pythagoras personifies their carriage from the Nile to Italy and Greece. We know very little about the Pythagoreans and the later Attic mysteries; we know enough to guess that, as Greece grew away from Egypt, the methodology of man decayed. Æschylus seems to have been an Eleusinian, however; and there is reason to believe that the Greek tragedy as he wrote it was a decadent exercise profanely borrowed from some such method —an exercise in which the adepts perhaps externalized their passions by acting them out in a dramatic image. . . . In Plato's age, the Greeks had become talkers. The exact applied science of human conduct was replaced by rhapsody and dialectic. Meantime, the post-Babylonian Jews had also evolved a method. The techniques of Hindu, Egyptian, Pythagorean were aristocratic and transcendental. They implied in their adepts perfect leisure, perfect aloofness from the rabble and perfect disdain for the world. The Jews, who had no caste, who were democratic in that they took all men as spiritual brothers, and whose naturalistic creed had not yet been corrupted by contact with the transcendentalisms of their neighbors, needed a method wholly different. Since it had to be practised, not by hermits and nobles, but by a people living in farms and towns, it had to be socially active and communally binding. Innumerable deeds of everyday behavior were to be performed alike, and imbued with the significance of coming from a God

[1] From the translation of F. L. Woodward in "Some Sayings of the Buddha": Oxford University Press.

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who demanded "no vain oblations" but the service of ethical conduct. The 613 commandments of the Torah established the desired image. They worked "from the outside"—that is, they were handed down to the people from Jehovah. They made His presence plastic and dynamic, in innumerable deeds: eating, sleeping, doing business, leisure, love, etc., were all acts pregnant with the Lord. The method produced a compact people whose terrestrial conduct was saturated with percepts moving them in a desired religious direction.

Again, we are very far from the aims and values of this ancient method: again, what concerns us here is the precision with which the Jews made themselves what they willed to be, by creating a complex image which corresponded to their values, and which moved them. The weakness of this Mosaic method as it endured unchanged through changing ages explains the Christian revolt. It lay in the assumption that the soul was a simple, invariable integer which would respond in all cases alike to the enhancing and inspiring influence of the commandments. The method worked in a compact, simple group uninvaded by intellectual currents. When the group was opened, the individual arose; the group became incoherent and the group method lost its delicate control. It became a clumsy external Law or a mere emotional tradition. The process of reforming the method, in order to meet the new conditions, was the age-long labor of Mishna, Talmud and Kabala. Meantime, already in pre-Christian Israel, revolts against it, attempts to re-inspirit it, were rife. Paul expressed the revolt, by rebelling against method altogether.

In this crucial hour, a decadent Jew of enormous genius was encouraged by the vague intellectualism of decadent Greece. The Platonists, with their dialectic, their faith in the absolute word, their transcendental disparagement of earthly deed, moved Paul to the belief that the magic of his own new definitions, since they sufficed *him,* would suffice all people. What was needed was grace and faith: the fresh image of salvation. Christ's life had been factual method enough for the sons of Adam; let them leap at once into transcendental birth. A method whereby the new Christian images would be naturalized humbly in the man through his everyday behavior smacked too much of Torah; it was beneath the exaltation of Paul, beneath the arrogance of his intellectual conviction; possibly it irked his political sense which told him that too precise and matter-of-fact a means might impede the spread of his church. Paul's protest against a decadent method became an assault on the tradition of method.

This assault was inherited by the Catholic Republic; and the anti-methodical tradition has been a chief weakness of the Christians. By means of it, like a gifted adolescent whose rebellion against his sire keeps him from growing up, the Western world has lurched through the ages—poised by a flash of intuition on the edge of emergence, and forever sinking back into its darkness.

Man's inner life was intact; God had created it and Christ had saved it. Therefore, the methodology of Europe was directed outward. Work was to be done on stone, wood, iron, cloth, on sea, and on lands beyond the sea; and on the stars, and on the body—nerves, muscles, blood, the mechanics of the brain: work was to be done on every *thing,* but never on the soul! This incredible stupidity is the burden of the history of the West. Europe has had a scientific culture of the *object;* an unscientific, sentimental, purely instinctive culture of the *subject.*

Meantime, our philosophy and science was crumbling (as we have seen) the assumptions on which rested this indifference to a methodology of behavior. This assumption—when it was not that man had been vicariously saved or damned already—was that man could be moved by a *word!* an astounding intellectual error into which the most archaic Hindu was too intelligent to fall, since he knew that man adjusts any word to his own desire, that the mind is moved by the emotions and formed by the "currents of the body"; and that, if intellectual values—words—are to move us, a technique must be found to re-translate them by means of the imagination, into affects and percepts. This, and much more, all destructive of dualism, intellectualism, predestination and the "Word," our modern thought at last established. Western science converges with Eastern Wisdom into the need of a science of man.

The archaic methods are barred, for their values and ends are not ours. Hindu and Pythagorean separated thought and matter, truth and conduct, man and mankind. In the dualism of their definitions, they were led to seek life by denying life's stuff; their method made a truth without substance and left substance without truth. The results we know: the practiser remained effectless, and life remained rotten. In other ways the classic method of the Jews was designed to create a Whole which is not ours. But the precedent of these old technologies can lead us.

Our modern discovery of the East enriches us in a way very different from the popular myth. We—the intuitive, unmethodical West—can learn from the Orient, above all, *a science.* Our own acceptance and sense of life is profound, our imagination is plastic. We are at last getting over the archaic transcendentalisms of our creeds—never firmly founded in us. In our democratic vision of mankind we possess the most dynamic (and most dangerous) of creative forces. What we need most is what we fondly think we have: a human science.

We know what we want: men who will act as conscious integers of the Whole and who will thereby create it. Create it in our America which is the paradigm of the world. The basis for a method to create such men is in Spinoza. *Actio sub specie*

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aeternitatis is a concept so revolutionary that not yet has the world understood it. It is a metaphysic considered as an ethic. It proposes the image of life as holy and Whole, not because of a theory, a faith, a God, a post-terrestrial destiny or a prenatal promise; but *in so far as behavior is whole.* Yet even Spinoza was too near the intellectualism of his age. He leads to a method for imaging God by acting God; and having given his good reasons assumes that reasons suffice. He does not suggest the practical transliteration of his reasons into deed. Modern psychology and science are a series of integrations of Spinoza's proof that the Whole must be *human behavior.* They establish the unity between energy and substance, subject and object, mind and body, man and men, etc. They show that no single phase of life is real save in so far as it is organized and energized in all the other phases. They show that every phase of life is some kind of behavior. Our need, then, since we would create the Whole, is for a method whereby our values can be naturalized into terms of actual living.

A method to translate the idea of Wholeness into the image of Wholeness and, by means of the image, into the experience and behavior of Wholeness. . . . None of our modern thought works out such a method. All modern science is a threshold. . . .

III. Notes on Method

1. If a woman who is afraid of snakes sees a stick in the road and thinks it a snake, she will act as if there were a snake. She has the image of a snake and the image moves her. Even if the snake is really there, the image moves her. Convince her that what she saw as a snake is a stick, and she will recover: the image will go. She will smile now with the dread word "snake" in her ears and even on her lips; whereas she screamed with the imagination. . . . Let this serve to remind us, that a word or what we call a "fact" is weak compared with an image; that a word or a "fact" does not move us, unless it creates an image in us; and that even the truth moves us only as it forms an image.

Now my purpose is to move myself in a certain way; therefore my method must be to establish within me the image that will ineluctably so move me.

I wish to live—which means, to act, feel, think—as a phase and function of the organic Whole. I wish to live so that this Whole—its health and beauty—will be expressed through me.

To "know," because I have read the arguments of the Upanishads, Paul, Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, Bradley, Whitehead, Dewey, etc., and read the dreams of the poets, that I as a separate absolute entity am a falsehood; that physiologically, psychologically, environmentally, sociologically, I am a product, an aspect and a part of the Whole—the Whole that may be adumbrated to include race, cosmos, God: to know this in the intellectual sense is not enough. To know this *against the image of myself as separate and absolute,* is not enough. To experience this, in moments of ecstasy that fade to the "normal" separatistic image—exceptional memories to be treasured and repeated—is not enough.

What I need is to establish within me *the image,* to sustain and nurture within me *the image,* of myself as part of the Whole. If this image is in me, I shall act by it. If it is not in me, I shall continue to act by the contrary image—the instinctive image ingrained in my flesh, of myself as a separate, absolutistic being.

2. How is this new image to be created in me against the very grain of my flesh, and beat of my blood? Here the archaic methods help. The method of the Hindu was to be mindful, at each intimate physical moment, of his physical self as an impure external process: thereby he gradually reached the image of all life as an impure, external process and his separation from life. The method of the Jew was to make his most intimate physical acts the specific image and dynamic form of a divine behest; thereby Jehovah became immanent in his day and his world. By analogy, I must begin by observing myself, *as within the Whole.* I must begin humbly, like the Buddhist or the Jew with their method; else I shall not begin at all. I must begin with what is nearest, humblest, most crucial —my body. The method is, then, to "prehend" my body (Dr. Whitehead's word)—to *take my body,* as within the context of life.

This taking myself or self-awareness is, of course, the forming in me of an image. The image should be as immediate, tactile, prehensile, organic —as little conceptual—as my imaginative powers, which with exercise will grow, permit. At the beginning, it may well be that I cannot imagine my whole body. Then I must begin with what I can prehend: my voice, my breath, the feel of my eyes, the movement of my limbs, etc. And in the beginning, it may be that I cannot "place" these details of my body within the imagined context of life. The context, then, may be merely my room or the chair that holds me or the persons around me. But some context about my body must be imaged at once, in order to give to my body the external dimensions which will make it *real* within a whole beyond it. My image of my body will be sharp: breath, taste, eyes, motions, etc. And the whole in which my body moves may be merely atmospheric. It will become, with practice, more precise—which does not necessarily mean, more spatial: adumbrate, to hold awareness of persons, environs in relation with my body and finally the sense of the whole of life.

3. I must continue, ever anew, to "take" my physical self as part of the Whole. My body is always to be felt as the focus of the image of the Whole. Gradually within my body, feelings, emotions, even thoughts will be observed: they will take their place in the image, their part in the Whole. They will

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lead out to persons, and objects: these will take their place as coördinates in my graph of the Whole.

But always my body must be held as the nucleus of the image. This is necessary in order that the image of the Whole be anchored, as it were, in the facts of my life which are centered in my body. For it is the events of my life that are to be moved by the image.

Words are dangerous, because they are so transmutable: often they can be made to induce an image contrary to what they first intended. Thus the image induced by the words "I am part of the Whole" might easily vaporize into a theory, a faith, a complacent cloud of conviction[1] which I might carry always with me while my body instinctively went on acting on the contrary image: that I was not part of the Whole but an absolute whole in myself. Or the image might be corrupted into the delusion that "if I am part of the Whole I am its center!" But all this will be impossible, if the nucleus of my image remains the faithful sense and scrutiny of *my body*. No man who is truly aware of his flesh, humbly interwoven with myriad other flesh into the vast Design, can have delusions of grandeur. And no man who, possessed by some great personal passion, is aware of its dwelling within the humble precinct of his body will become its victim. Emotions can expand beyond measure. But not the sense of the body—and therefore not the emotions bounded by this sense of the body. . . . An allied danger obviated by this means is that of the sentimental *mysticalist* who swings his sense of the absolute person into the undifferentiated sense of being the Whole—of being "One with the All," etc. Of course, this man has merely transposed his egoism, blown it into vast dimensions. The true sense of the Whole never loses the personal focus; no man who has it is "lost" in God; on the contrary, his individuation becomes more real as his participation in the Whole develops. The Whole lives in numberless strictly individual forms; no man whose image is grounded in true awareness of his body will ever lose his moorings.

To prevent such treacheries of the instinctive self, my image of my life within the Whole must center in the most matter-of-fact realities of my life; it must be methodically woven into the tissue, bone and breath of my life. Then at length it may saturate my life and replace the old absolutistic image which saturates it now. I must develop the image of myself breathing, sitting, walking, listening, loving, hating within the Whole of which this creature that breathes, sits, walks, listens, loves, hates, is a function. If I lose sight of my body in this image, I shall have embarked on a voyage philosophic or megalomaniac, *leaving my acts behind.*

4. To grow aware of my body in a few of its intricate, wondrous behaviors is very soon to learn that only from the standpoint of the false absolute "I" is it an automaton: it is not an automaton at all, since it is never alone, being an exquisite focus of a Whole, all of whose currents move through and inform it. A Loom threads impalpable vibrancies within the body, making it at each instant the beginning of a series of its own and a detail in innumerable series. This Loom, I learn, is Life and it is not external, for it lives within me.

The image of my physical body flows into the image of the "I" which feels, suffers, joys, as also part of the Whole. Now I learn that my suffering is due to the image of myself as a separate, absolute being. This image seems to be physically in me. Any obtrusion on my flesh which my flesh cannot admit causes pain. And yet the fact of the obtrusion proves the falseness of the absolute image: a body that was a real whole could not be discordant, could not be invaded, could not be hurt at all. Likewise, the moral pains—jealousy, envy, disappointment, thwarted desire, etc., are soon seen as consequences of the same false image of a separate "I," for this is an image impugned by events. Suffering from events is the refusal of the self in the whole of events to play its part in that whole: it is the result of the self's desire, although it is woven in a whole, to be a whole by itself.

As an integer of the Whole, I function smoothly and enjoy. Any happiness is always an unconscious participation by the self in some whole. Therefore, the practice of this image of myself within the whole augments my happiness. My suffering is my ingrained refusal of this integral participation. Therefore, the practice of this method allays it. (I mention these details of result, haphazard, to show how the method is self-supporting. It repays for the great effort. The burden of the absolute ego is the chief agony of life.)

5. The role of the intellect in this method which is an imaginative process is to keep the image of my self within the Whole strong, clear and pure. Intellect is the preservative. There are two constant dangers:

(a) The instinctive danger. The image of the whole is forever being blotted out by passion and the pressure of events: forever giving way to the absolutistic image. The seed of human consciousness passes through a phase of differentiation, in which the ego appears absolute to itself. In this temporary phase, all of us are born; in it, almost all men die. It is the phase of our emergent race. Men hold to this absolutism of the "I," although it be the author of their pain, with an incredible fury.

(b) The transcendental danger. The method of observing the body and the feelings and behaviors of the self, *objectively,* suggests an imaginative separation of the observer from the phenomena observed. Such a separation undoubtedly makes it easier to "observe oneself" and to image

[1] New Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy are horrible examples of such vaporization.

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oneself in a context. By means of it, the "I" becomes a sort of discarnate observer; the body, its feelings, even its thoughts become external. Moreover, the observing "I" instinctively takes all value to itself; becomes the "soul," and since it is separate from the observed body, soul becomes separate from body. Thus the result is a backsliding into the first instinctive danger of a separate "I." This transcendental dualism is the greatest curse of man; it has debauched almost all his highest efforts to know himself and to know life. By means of it, soul and its values are cut off from life, and life—the observed—becomes a valueless dominion. We have seen this curse at its best in the exalted method of Buddha.[1]

6. The imaging "I" is but the intensified, conscious form of the observed—of the image. I am both imager and image, both observer and observed. I, imaging myself within the Whole, am an illumined focus of myself; and myself so imaged is a phase or focus of the Whole which becomes luminous in my life in so far as my life truly acts in consonance with the Whole. Even as a "temporary means" toward creating the image, there must be no dichotomy between what I am and what I do. This separation gets into the image, and destroys the essence of its purpose—which is to move myself as a function of the Whole by carrying within me the image of my life as such a function.

7. It might be argued that this separation between the "I" and its observed phenomena is a "necessary pose," in order to achieve the detachment in which my body may be observed at all. This is not so. "I *am* this body" is a dangerous statement, since it is falsely separatistic: for at every instant there enter into the "I" elements of the world not contained strictly in the body. But "I *have* this body" is false no less, since it is also separatistic and since the "I" is never aloof from the body. *Any observation from a false premise must bring a false conclusion.* The true attitude for self-awareness is: "God has, or the Whole has, this body—among innumerable others." Here, there is at once detachment, since the image puts my body in its place, and yet no false or absolute separation cutting the observer off from the observed. This particular body of me is clearly the one in which and through which I directly learn the reality of life: it is the one in which and through which I can alone express my vision and my function of the Whole.

8. It might be argued that this image is too "accepting": if I am a body of God where is the struggle, where is the moral growth? This sort of doubt rests on a crude notion of morality. The struggle in this practice is between two images: the almost inevitable image of myself as absolute and whole, and the image of myself as a phase and potential focus of the Whole. If you believe this struggle is an easy one, practise the method for a moment. *This struggle between images is the true essence of all ethics.* The man who relates himself really to life will not have to "repress bad impulses." The man who fails of this relation will never reach the equilibrium in which his impulses are right. The source of his troubles—the false image—will have remained untouched. This practice, therefore, presupposes a conviction of modern thought: that the mere repression of undesired impulses is not ameliorative. Their cause is always a false perspective of the ego. Repress them, without altering that perspective, and they will find an outlet in masked forms usually worse than the original.

9. In another point this practice is congenial with modern thought: its dynamic acceptance of the body. The despised body of Hindu, Platonist, Christian becomes the locus and the form of spirit. By our awareness of it within the image of the Whole, the innumerable passions and thoughts that rise from the false absolute image are not repressed: they are transfigured. They are not fought at all. Their energy is transubstantiated by the light of a new relation. Ideals and dreams, instead of being things in themselves or things apart from other things, become what they ought to be: *behavior.*

Yet I doubt if this method can be practised by anyone—despite its swift returns—without a ruthless love of life. Most of us have a kind of provisional love of life. "Give us what we want," we say to life, "and then—and just so long—we will love you." But, of course, this is not love of life so much as love of our own arrogant desires. Yet by means of the practice here suggested, life becomes progressively more easy to love, because it becomes really our creation. In imaging the Whole with ourselves within it, we create the Whole. It is ours; we have given ourselves to it; we have our share of its reality. Since it is experienced as ours, although we die within it, we shall love it.

IV

What we need is the creating of entire persons —persons in vital function of the Whole. Any

[1] I have had intimate contact with only one of the many versions of Eastern cults and methods practised in the United States; but this one is, I believe, superior to most. It was brought by Gustave Gurdjieff supposedly from Thibet to Russia and thence, via the Caucasus, to France: in London it was expounded by Ouspensky, author of "Tertium Organum," and in New York by the brilliant former editor of the London New Age, A. R. Orage. It is vitiated by the doctrinal separation of the observing "I" from the observed organism. But its dualism is not honest like that of the Buddhists from which it is clearly derived. This "system" professes the monism and behaviorism of the West (doubtless in the effort to accommodate to Western minds). Disclaiming all transcendentalism it teaches a method in which transcendentalism is ingrained: a method which is only valid if one has already accepted the values and definitions of a transcendental East. Is not this confusion typical of our theosophic cults which blindly introduce into a modern world technologies of an ancient world that have no application to our needs, and that merely unfit the practicer for life in both? In making this criticism of the Gurdjieff doctrine, I wish, however, to acknowledge my debt to Mr. Orage, whose dialectic stimulated me, through disagreement, to come to my own conclusions. . . .

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method, however apart from this, is good if it makes such persons. What I have noted here is not meant as a path for your feet; nor as a lantern to hold in your hand. It is at best a spark—from my own efforts to make light for myself—wherewith to light your lantern. But though the result alone is of importance, let us never forget that it will never come through mere contemplation, argument and prayer; nor through mere intellectual study. The complacence of our pride moves me to this emphasis. The trees and the ants, the waves of the sea and the measures of the sun do not enforce man's growth. Life is not dependent on man's possible modelling of God within the sands of his time. If man is to be more than a passive mode of Life, long-suffering and momently agleam (as are other creatures in their way) with an entire splendor, he must begin to act. He must have a method for acting, at least as competent as his methods for building bridges.

V

The person, moved by the image of himself as a focus within the Whole, will act in unison with his sense of the Whole. When he feels, does, thinks, it will be no longer in sufferance to an "I" that images itself as separate, impervious, alone: it will be the Whole—the universe—God (choose your own word) that feels, does, thinks in terms of his own person. This man will be beyond the dualisms and dichotomies that have made history a mischief. (Beyond them, of course, not in the false sense which our dualistic language will suggest, as if he were removed from their substance: but beyond them, as a sphere is "beyond" its several circular segments.) He will be "beyond" faith and despair, optimism and pessimism, justice and injustice . . . false creatures, all, of that separation from the Whole in which one's lot, being "separate," also becomes subject to the oscillations of hazard, doubt and hope. He will feel neither self-importance nor self-pity; for the man whose self is a phase of the Whole cannot be overwhelmed with grief if self goes down, nor with joy if for a moment life focuses its glory and its intelligence upon him. He will be free of time's pressure; since he will know that time is a dimension of his mortal phase—absolute no more than he is absolute, a function of his person to be calmly and lovingly accepted in the image of the Whole which is timeless. He will be detached from what he is and does: not in the dualistic sense of being delivered from a Bond or Wheel, but in the true mystic sense of being in control of a condition. For the Whole is always in focus in its parts: the Whole is expressed only through particular conditions. And to be such a conditioned part—as all men are—seems bondage, only when men lack light of the Whole which they share and which their part makes real. . . .

Growing will be the grace of this man to feel all individual creatures, as he has come to feel himself, within the image of the Whole: to enter them and to know them: to know, above all, his life (whatever its state) as a domain wherewith like a king to act, and no longer as a prison wherein to suffer. Prepossession and compassion will walk with him, and make his way in the world a mastery and peace.

VI

Free of the need of aggrandizement, since all lives in him, he will be ready to work. Ready to work in the sense that coal at a pitch of heat is "ready" to burn. To create, to influence others in creating, will be but the luminous mechanics of this man. Of course, he will constantly backslide into the absolutistic image which he sucked with his mother's milk: he will be young in spirit, and there will be times when he appears to himself madly alone breasting the impervious chaos of a hundred million. But, however he suffer, he will persist. For if there had been another way for him, he would have gone it. No one is born—the first time or the second—*unless he must be.* If a man can subtly drug his soul, justify his darkness by the glitter of his possessions, remain in the unconscious sea of himself which is the unconscious sea of the mass, this he will do. But there are always men who cannot go down, and who must therefore rise. Life is a mother sending them to birth. Such men today, if they are shrewd, can find a way. They will come to know, looking with open eyes upon themselves, that there is no solitude; for they will behold cosmos within the self, eternity within the instant. And having accepted mortal loneliness, they will grow aware of other men in the American chaos (if there is one there will be more): others, in their way, living the same life. They will flare little fires to each other. They will draw close; they will commune and converge. They will create a group. And this will be a group that can live. Its individual integers will be men with no self-distrust to rot their commerce. There will be action in this group, the deed of its luminous mechanics. There will be leadership for the blind American plasm.

VII

We are dealing with a world which never yet has been; a world which may come true if it is true (as I believe) that man is still an infant and all his history a cradle story. But it may never be. The dangers besetting this recreated man are subtle and vast. I am sure he can exist. I am sure, if he comes together with his kind, that there will be strength to transform the pliant American world. The doubtful test is that which will decide whether such men, each overwhelmed by the mechanical and inner Jungle of our life whose every power is

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a scattering and a marshalling against them, can join; or whether they must live alone, each one; and die alone.

If this is to be, America as a high world is doomed. Perhaps this whole death must come to the white race, ere the whole man speak again. We may leave the issue to God who *is* the issue. To know is to act: therefore it does not concern us—you and me—to know the issue, since it does not concern us to act the issue. We are the process from which may issue Birth. Let us do our part.

I write these words for those who will look on the possible American doom with a light heart; and not swerve from their task of self-creation and of leadership. Although they know the dust that may lie in their hands, making America, they will not let their hands cease from the labor of beauty. They will pursue their way, because all other ways to them are void. Having found wholeness in themselves, what less could they choose? They will act each hour to make themselves more true and to bring truth to bear upon the unborn world: not for any issue in time or person, but for the joy of the eternity of the moment lived in the image of God.

The life of such men will be the fulfillment of America's oldest tradition. And it may be that in their fulfillment a world called America will be discovered.

WALDO FRANK.

(THE END.)

Washington Notes

IN THESE mid-September days, the most seasoned and sagacious politicians with whom I have come into contact here and in New York, on both sides of the fence, are in complete accord about one thing. It is that about the middle of next month this campaign for the presidency will have become the most inflamed and embittered, the most unrestrained and extravagant, the most violent, venomous and vindictive of which anyone now living has recollection. The indications of suppressed feeling already evident make this notion appear wholly plausible and altogether probable. It is, for example, quite clear that the prejudices involved in the struggle are not only more numerous, but much more poisonous and powerful than those which have arisen in past campaigns. In addition to religion, over which, almost from the beginning, men have fought more fiercely than over anything else, and prohibition, the very name of which is inflammatory to the highest degree—in addition to these two issues, for the first time concretely and inescapably injected into a national campaign, there is the acute antagonism between the urban and the rural element of the population. It is impossible to conceive of a combination better calculated to arouse emotion and dispel reason.

But even more than these, the reason those with whom I have talked believe the closing weeks will be unprecedentedly hot is because the result promises to be closer than any since 1916. Perhaps a better way of expressing it would be to say that the result is involved in more uncertainty than any since the Wilson-Hughes contest, because in the end, fierce as the fight now appears to be, it may not be close at all. That is the point—no one can tell. The nature and strength of the prejudices have set flowing currents the force of which sweep away all the old political mile posts and make it impossible to feel sure of anything. For example, it seems utterly absurd for Republicans seriously to claim Texas and Florida and North Carolina and Virginia. At the start of this campaign I thought this Republican notion of the break in the solid South was simply too silly to discuss. In the first place, I did not consider it remotely probable that the white voters in the South could be shaken loose from either their racial prejudice or their inherited Democracy. In the second place, with practically every Southern newspaper lined up behind Smith, with the organization politicians in every Southern state at least 90 percent for him, and with the election machinery wholly in the hands of the dominant party, it did not seem to me that even a plausible case for Republican success down there could be made out.

Now I am not so sure. Now, while I still believe that every Southern state will stay Democratic, I have heard enough from men in that section in whose judgment I have confidence to make me concede the possibility of a break in at least two states, Florida and North Carolina. Nearly everybody agrees that the real fight is in these two. For the rest it is a question of reduced majorities, but not really a question of carrying them. In Florida and North Carolina there is at this time at least a considerable doubt. In both, the regular Republican vote has enormously increased in the last eight years. Four years ago in North Carolina, the total Republican vote exceeded 190,000. A change of 45,000 votes from the Democratic to the Republican side would have given the state to Coolidge in that election. With Furnifold Simmons, for forty years the undisputed leader of the North Carolina Democracy, openly against Smith and with the bulk of the Baptist and Methodist ministers campaigning against him, it would be ridiculous to deny the possibility of Republican victory in North Carolina. The same thing is true in Florida. There the Republican vote four years ago was one-half the total. A change of 15,000 would have turned the state the other way. It is not worth while to blink these facts. It is incontestable that a relatively small change in the precinct vote would alter the result not only in these two states but in others. Facing these facts, I hasten to recant on my previously expressed conviction that it is supremely ridiculous to talk of Republican chances in any of these states. And the thing that has done most to shake my confidence is the action of the Democratic National Committee itself in sending money into the South. This is the first time this has ever been done. The idea of doing it in any previous campaign would have seemed insane. This time it seems a necessity.

Before, however, you let this picture of the disturbed and distressed condition of the Democracy in the South too completely discourage you as to the Smith prospects for the presidency, look at the other side. Listen, for example,

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to the Democratic claim of Minnesota and of Nebraska, Wisconsin, Montana, North Dakota and Pennsylvania. Of course, that last—Pennsylvania—seems grotesque. Yet there is so much foundation for the Democratic contention that Smith has a real chance there, that the Republican National Committee, departing from the regular Republican routine of taking Pennsylvania, along with Maine and Vermont, for granted, is hard at work to hold the state, and makes no real effort to hide its apprehensions. It is, for instance, not denied that the Republican party is in bad shape in Pennsylvania. The prohibition enforcement raids in Pittsburgh, the outrageous and extremely untimely scandals in Philadelphia, the disaffection among the coal miners, the popularity of Smith with the foreign-born element and with union labor, together with the serious illness of Boss Vare and the rehabilitation of the Democratic organization, liberally financed and equipped, have created a condition in Pennsylvania such as has not been known in a long time. But over and beyond all this, the real basis for the Democratic hope in this state is the steps that have been taken to insure an honest count in Philadelphia. The great bulk of the Vare organization in Philadelphia is composed of wet Irish Catholics who, though Republican, are at heart for Smith, and can be depended upon to see that he gets a square count, no matter what happens to anyone else.

To sum up, it is just as absurd in the face of these things to deny that the Democrats may carry Pennsylvania, as it is to deny that North Carolina may swing away from its Democratic moorings and go for Hoover. Both are distinctly possible in this campaign, and so, too, are a number of other almost equally interesting and unprecedented things. It is perfectly true that it is hard to sit down with a table of the electoral votes and on the basis of past elections count the 266 votes necessary to give Smith his electoral college majority without crediting him with states that on any normal basis are Republican. It isn't hard, however, to count that 266 if the thirty-eight of Pennsylvania are thrown in. Personally, I no more expect Pennsylvania, which gave Coolidge a million plurality in 1924, or Minnesota, which gave him 400,000, to go Democratic, than I do North Carolina, Florida and Virginia to go Republican. I am, however, prepared not only to admit, but to assert that there is a far greater chance of exactly those things happening this time, than anyone could possibly have foreseen six months ago. There is so much chance both ways, that the possibilities have to be seriously faced. Both parties are forced to fight in territory in which no fight was ever made before—and not only to fight there, which is bad enough, but to spend money, which from the political angle is infinitely worse. The point to all this is that, as stated in the beginning, there are in this campaign all the ingredients for the hottest and most exciting finish we have had in many years. With both sides financed to the hilt and forced to fight with everything they have, the situation is full of potential dynamite. It will surprise—and disappoint—a good many if there are not some explosions, say about the last week in October.

Washington. T. R. B.

Marys in Heaven

BURNS' Mary in heaven in her far realms could not have been happier than these of mine so much nearer home; both of them find their eternal bliss in New York. It is a place exactly to their dreams. Mary Lauderdale has a song about washing her feet in milk to enter her happy mansions forever, and another about putting on her golden crown and taking up her harp in the land of milk and honey; but my cousin, at whose house she cooks, tells me that she sings only at certain moments now; these ceremonies for paradise are less interesting, and with New York life so entertaining, death and salvation seem hardly needed.

Mary Brown comes from Sally in South Carolina, where for years, no tellin' how long, she says, she worked for someone whose name in general sounds like Coun, if you sing it and leave the final letter almost unheard. Mary herself cannot read or write, so that she misses the exact name of her old master and never quite knows what it was—Major Gus, she says, and they had a little girl four years old who used to stay with her while the folks went to parties or somewhere and they'd come back and find Mary and the child sitting there asleep on the sofa, and she just hollered when Mary left, till her daddy said, "Hesh, Ma'y's just goin' on a lil' trip, tha's what he say, Ma'y's comin' back. But Lawsy, I ain' goin' back, 'as what I rit Mamma, I say, I'my stay right where I is."

As for staying here, I have no doubt of that; as for writing her mother, it was her big fat husband, Chess, who wrote the letter. I have seen his great tottering capitals mingled with humps of script in a letter with which he proposed to hoodwink New York employers when he was looking for a new job—"To home hit maycon Curn i here By State that Chess Brown has work in My factry and i Fine him and hones and skill Man Resp Ectfully Major gus Kurn." I preserved that document when I offered to make a copy of the letter on my typewriter, after we had agreed that it would be more businesslike.

Mary had been in New York a year before she and Chess moved into this apartment house as janitor and wife—a modest position when all the time, as Chess said to me, "I could be makin' a hunded and fifty dollars a months if Ma'y could read and write, but this way she couldn' answer no telephone." And it was yet another year before Mary began coming to clean for me and standing there at the hall door for a little conversation on her way out. I remember at that time she had been in New York two years and had never been anywhere beyond these two or three streets close at hand and three times on that Foteenth Street and once in that place they calls Broadway where Chess was getting her a dress. I remember I asked her:

"Mary, do you go much to the movies up here in New York?" and she said, in that pretty singsong of hers,

"I don' know wheah it is."

And I remember other questions: she didn't know exactly how old she was, but she was younger than Chess and he was thirty-seven or -eight, he jes' looked older because

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he was so fat. It was at that time that Chess came up confidentially and asked me in a low voice, as he stood with his hat in his hand, "I wish you'd speak to Ma'y, please sir, tell her right about the radio, she's scared of it, she thinks it's a voice from the other world." I promised and in half an hour went down. Mary had withdrawn to the kitchen and Chess was reared back in his chair. Henry Ford was addressing him. He said proudly, "That's Henry Ford I got now. I tell you he been givin' them Jews hell." It was only a $74 radio bought on instalment, but soon Chess had one for $149, on instalment. "I likes a victoria but I sho don' likes no radio," Mary said. It was about this time, too, that Chess brought up a postal card they had received from the folks at home, and asked my advice. The card said, in pencil, "Send you some fresh meat, Go to the Depot and git it." "It's mighty nigh a week now," he said, "and you know how it is with fresh meat."

They have had their tragedies, mostly Chess' brother out at Jamaica, who has taken to drink and lost his job, and his wife got to be a drunkard; they are always writing for money and a sack of groceries, and saying the two children they had adopted were starving, and not putting a foot out when Chess' mother died in Sally and there was the buryin' to pay for. But they have their triumphs, too. Chess is elevator man in an office building off Washington Square, where he has Saturday evenin' and Sunday off, and they give him five-dollar bills and ten-dollar bills and boxes of cigarettes, and no work, jes sittin' up there runnin' up and down. Mary—who cleans well, without invention or innovation, but repeating exactly, like a coon or a monkey, whatever she has been once shown to do—has now a round of places, though she has not caught the names of any of them. Many of them are writers, she says, she speaks of them as Mr. Joseph, Mrs. Sumpn or other, she's a little bittie woman, Mr. Harry, and so on, "I never can hear these folks' names up here," she says.

She has found many friends from home up in Harlem and some cousins, and they visit her and eat dinner with her and Chess, and she goes visiting up there every Sunday, and at other times to get a shampoo, as she calls it, it really is to have her hair straightened. She has so many places to go every day that she never has time to catch her breath. She is full of engagements, dresses lavishly from Fourteenth Street couturiers and hat shops, and limps in her smart shoes. She has even learned to wear her fur on good warm days, letting it slip down over her shoulders, the head in front, the large bushy tail down the back. She says it is a fox. She bought it back in Sally. It is a rough, snuffy piece about a foot wide and quite flat and stiff, and looks like some animal that a heavy roller had run over and left there to dry.

"This fur, seems like it never do git out of style," she says.

The other one of this pair would be Aunt Mary at home, for she is in her sixties, but not here in New York, so that we let it go at Mary. She comes from Gadsden, which is near Sally in South Carolina; and is fat and bundling along as she moves about my cousin's kitchen.

She delights in this town because it is so noisy and so many people are passing on the streets. There is something to drink, too, easier to get than in Gadsden, and she can read the crimes in the tabloid papers. She likes the idea of living on the spot where so many of the crimes are committed. This cosmopolitan appeal of crime, liquor and people passing is what binds her spirit in an urban spell, rather than the appeal of fashion and society. She has not the other Mary's full calendar of engagements, and has not had her hair straightened, or powdered her face into what she says looks like an ashcat. Her life is largely in my cousin's kitchen, save for the trips she takes along the nearby streets or on the subway to Harlem; where sometimes she stays later than seems wise for the good of dinner, and from which she returns somewhat less steady than the utensils require, if we are not to hear them crashing and ringing against things.

She cannot imagine any place to live, then, but New York; and will never leave it again. But while that is true, there must be shreds of old memories left that trouble her at times. Or it may be something that goes farther back than Gadsden, back into darker countries, conjured fears, shadowy jungle atavisms. At any rate, however that may be, she has glooms when she is disposed to leave her cooking, or leave my cousin's house; and these moods spread a black despair in the bosoms of him and his niece, who make up the family. They grew up in Louisiana and know what sort of food they want to eat, and the air of plenty and richness to it that makes them happy.

The signs of this desertion are always the same, they know what Mary has in mind when she starts them, the kitchen is quite quiet, no sound of moving about or pans or running water. My cousin himself must go in then, he knows what to do. He finds her sitting there in what she calls her begalia, which consists of a black cape of sateen lined with purple; of her lodge she says she is the past-grand-worthy-vice. "You have to set in all the chairs befo you git to that," she says.

My cousin is a charming creature, a year or so older than Mary herself, and grew up on a plantation. So he sings with Mary till she feels right again. They sing:

> Let us go down to Jurden,
> Jurden river is chilly and cold,
> Jurden river is chilly and cold,
> Religion so sweet.

and then a hymn that says that if religion were a thing that money could buy, the rich would live and the poor would die, and after that, Mary's favorite—

> Oh, flop your dusty wings bright and early in the mawnin,
> Git up wid Jesus in de mawnin,
> Git up wid Jesus in de mawnin,
> Git up wid Jesus in de mawnin.
>
> Oh, de sun did rise and de day did break,
> And de mawnin star bust in my soul,
> Rock-a-my soul! Rock-a-my soul!
> In the bosom of Abraham—Rock-a-my soul!

STARK YOUNG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Progressives' Choice

SIR: As one who is trying his best to be a liberal in an essentially conservative environment I turned eagerly to read your editorial on "Why Progressives Should Vote for Smith." I found it vague, confused and unconvincing. You promise us nothing except that Mr. Smith may possibly, through some undefined means, make over the Democratic party. I can see no prospect of that, either in the party or in the man. The nomination of Mr. Raskob has lined Governor Smith up irrevocably with those who have bowed to the prestige of plutocracy; it was widely praised as good strategy for winning the support of big business. That single act stamps him as being incapable of any valid criticism of our present capitalistic system.

At first glance, Mr. Thomas seems the logical candidate for liberals to support, and I fully expected to vote for him this year just as I voted for La Follette four years ago. However, the progress of the campaign has convinced me that liberals should vote for Mr. Hoover, and I will give you my reasons.

The next eight years are going to be crucial in the field of international relations. By 1936 a generation which had no personal experience of the War is going to be taking possession of the places of power over the world. Unless wise and patient direction is given international affairs so that peace is thoroughly safeguarded, it is going to be easy for such a generation to fall again into the fallacy of militarism. Mr. Hoover knows the world, he is acquainted with the leaders of the nations, he has had unusual opportunities to catch the mood of the rank and file of the peoples, he has the confidence of the masses of Europe. In this critical hour I believe he has such unusual qualifications for humane leadership in this field that every progressive should weigh them carefully before turning our leadership over to the hands of a man who has had no opportunity for experience in foreign affairs and would necessarily be dependent upon second-hand information given him by bureaucrats.

It seems to me, also, that Mr. Hoover's position on prohibition is much saner than that of his opponent. He proposes a thorough investigation of prohibition enforcement and the building up of an enforcement organization which shall profit by what the investigation reveals. He is for the retention of the Eighteenth Amendment. That seems to me to be a perfectly candid and reasonable position. Governor Smith, on the other hand, proposes a new definition of what is an alcoholic beverage and then, within some as yet unfixed limit, the determination by each state of its own percentage of alcoholic content in beverages. Such a suggestion seems to me so chaotic as almost to cast a shadow upon the intelligence of the man making it. . . .

Mr. Hoover's whole personality and career seem to me to justify liberal faith in him. He brings an unusual training with which to face the great engineering problems involved in the development of power; he is committed to the St. Lawrence Waterway project, which will prove of inestimable benefit to the manufacturing and agricultural interests of the Middle West; he has never been allied with any political organization which was interested in perpetuating itself in office for the sake of the spoils thereof. In terms of the number of people who have actually been helped by his efforts in times of dire suffering, he is the greatest public servant on earth today. . . . It is true that he is involved in our present capitalistic system, but so is his opponent; it is true that he is bidding for the support of the plutocracy, but so is his opponent. On that issue they are Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The only candidate with any constructive idea here is Norman Thomas. The liberal who is seeking an immediately available candidate for the presidency who will bring knowledge to international affairs, conviction and the scientific spirit to prohibition and a personality unwarped by unsavory organization influences to the White House has no alternative but to vote for Herbert Hoover.

FRANK KINGDON.

Lansing, Mich.

SIR: Mr. Thomas suggests that because Al Smith is not a dictator but must work through his party ("and *such* a party!"), and because there are defects in Smith's New York State record, and because we need not a happy warrior but our own party, progressives at this juncture in our national politics should vote for Norman Thomas and not for Al Smith. Mr. Paul Douglas' letter to educators speaks to the same effect, but can say in extenuation for itself that it was prepared and issued before Al Smith delivered his epochal acceptance speech.

For Mr. Thomas shows himself lacking in genuine political insight in advocating a progressive defection from Smith. Mr. Thomas and the Socialists endorsed La Follette's candidacy; but La Follette, also, was not a dictator, but one who would have had to work through his party, and such a party! For, if elected, it is to the Republican party he would have had to turn for support in carrying progressive legislation. If Smith is elected, he is almost certain of carrying in with him a majority in the Senate, and can then exert over it the influence that almost transformed Tammany. But La Follette had literally not one Senator or Congressman running on his new party ticket, and would have had to work mainly through the Republican party. Why does this objection occur to Mr. Thomas in 1928 and not in 1924?

In 1924, with literally nothing to choose between Coolidge and Davis, the situation was psychologically ripe for votes of protest, for an attempt to organize the nucleus of a third party. But in 1928, when a man who is a greater La Follette is the candidate (because of a fortunate set of circumstances over which progressives may hug themselves) of one of the major parties, with a splendid chance of being elected, the logic of events demands, not a rote vote for the new party, but a blow for righteousness more immediate. . . . The cry that should go forth unto all progressives like a clarion call is that *a vote for Thomas is a vote for Hoover.* This is not the psychological moment (as it *was* in 1924) for a vote of protest. . . .

Chicago, Ill. PHILIP M. GLICK.

The International Relief Union

SIR: Your readers may be interested to know of the International Relief Union, created in July, 1927, at a diplomatic conference held at Geneva. The object of this Union, whose moving spirit is the Italian Senator, Giovanni Ciraolo, for a long time President and now Honorary President of the Italian Red Cross, is to unite the nations for mutual defense against the destructive cruelty of nature and to create an efficient and methodic organization ready to help when a country and its people are stricken by calamities to such an extent as to exceed their own means of alleviation.

Time after time it has been proved that assistance, in general, is not proportionate in quantity, quality and rapidity to the needs of stricken peoples. In a great number of unforeseen catastrophes no efficacious relief is rendered, or the assistance is late or badly organized and useless.

By a coöperation between the governments and the international aid societies, for the impromptu relief expeditions will be substituted a permanent organization, by which, thanks to the covenant of mutual assistance, each nation may benefit without feeling mortified.

The Union will coöperate with the national Red Cross Societies and with all such official or non-official organizations which may be able to undertake the same activities for the benefit of stricken populations. In this way an efficient collaboration will be established within the I. R. U. between all institutions working for the benefit of mankind.

The Convention has been ratified by thirty states, among which are nine republics of South America. The United States has not joined the Union, but the American Red Cross, being an active member of the League of Red Cross Societies, has promised to collaborate as closely as possible with the services of the Union, and in this way a complete coördination between the relief activities of these two institutions will be assured.

Rome, Italy. E. FOA.

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Mary and Martha

Civilization, by Clive Bell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 264 pages. $2.50.
The Open Conspiracy, by H. G. Wells. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 200 pages. $2.

THE simultaneous publication of these books considerably enhances their interest and appeal, although collusion between the authors to this end can hardly be suspected. Indeed Mr. Bell's book is an inquiry, prompted by the description, for which Mr. Wells was largely responsible, of the War as a "Holy War," in which "the very soldiers took up the cry, 'Join up, for civilization's sake.'" Now that the Holy War has been attenuated, in Mr. Wells' phrase, to "the tragic happenings of the last few years," Mr. Bell thinks it worth while to examine what this thing is, for which we fought and for which we pay.

Mr. Bell begins analytically. He examines societies called barbarous to discover what civilization is not, and then societies admitted to be civilized, to determine what it is. As types of civilized states he chooses Athens in the fifth century before Christ, Italy in the Renaissance, and France from the reign of Louis XIV to the Revolution, when in fact it inoculated all Europe with its culture and made the eighteenth century the period most generally one of civilization. England he cites as an example of a nation in which the lack of civility has driven individuals into various forms of self-expression which have made for originality and eccentric genius, while in France personalities have been tempered and subdued to enter as component elements into the common culture. For civilization pertains to civil, to social life. "Civilized society is nothing but a society that has been colored by civilized people." And the special qualities of such people he finds in a sense of values, and a direction of life by reason. The sense of values allowed the Athenians to applaud "Lysistrata" in the midst of the Peloponnesian War. It promotes discrimination among desires, and wars against uniformity and standardization. It places knowledge and art on the same footing as "means to exquisite spiritual states." Reason attacks the limitations upon life imposed by superstition and taboo, by prudery and the sense of sin, as well as the subtler form of intolerance which appears in our desire to compel others to be like ourselves. It demands "the frank enjoyment of all life has to offer." But it implies discipline. "A civilized man will be ashamed of unfitting himself for civilized activity, of lowering his capacity for clear thought and fine feeling." And as in most human beings instinct triumphs over reason, all that can be expected from the mass is acquiescence in an order which finds its justification in the production of a good state of mind and exquisite emotions on the part of the few.

At this point Mr. Bell comes to grips with the practical difficulties of achieving civilization in the modern world. The chief requisite of Euphues is leisure. Work for power or for self-support, functions of government or business or altruism, are insuperable obstacles to the cultivation of esthetic capacity. Accordingly Mr. Bell would set apart a certain number of individuals for a leisure class to promote civilization; and, as no civilization is possible without material security, he would grant them fellowships for life, which shall entail no duties and no output, merely the privilege of enjoying "the best states of mind." The happy individuals will be subject to a highly liberal form of education, directed to freeing the mind and "unlocking the door to the world of [their] desires." They will be supported, as civilized beings always have been supported, by the labor of others. "If the community wants civilization, it must pay for it."

The process by which these favored ones are to be chosen is, of course, to be considered. The present choice of an idle class by inheritance does not justify itself by results. Obviously, we shall secure more persons capable of "the best states of mind" by a method which extends the sphere of selection. Mr. Bell glances at the possibility of choice by competitive examinations, but prefers a method which will indicate by lot one child in, say, two thousand as the seed of civilization. Seven or eight hundred pounds a year he estimates as a modest but sufficient stipend. As to the form of government which will best promote their function, Mr. Bell is uncertain. Oligarchy or despotism has been most favorable to civilization in the past; but the question is of secondary importance since, whatever the government, Euphues will be forbidden to take part in it. The exercise of power, whether by a policeman or a chief magistrate, is incompatible with personal civility. Power is indeed necessary to protect civilization, but seeing how often in the past the rude conqueror has been softened and refined by the culture of the conquered, how often the conquered has been set in the way of seeking the highest things by being forbidden the path of empire, Mr. Bell looks with considerable complacency on conquest and defeat. But in the modern world conquest is not to be thought of in terms of invasion but rather in terms of competition among nations for raw materials, for markets, and to sustain standards of living; and the danger of submergence is not from hordes of barbarians from outside but from the rising tide of the unfit within.

Just here Mr. Bell finds an unsolicited ally in Mr. Wells. It is true, Mr. Bell and Mr. Wells start from totally opposite conceptions of life. Mr. Bell's highest sanction is pleasure; Mr. Wells' is religion—both terms, of course, transcending popular interpretations. Mr. Bell's immediate object is the production of a few human beings of the highest sort; Mr. Wells', the promotion of the general welfare. Mr. Wells would repudiate Mr. Bell's definition of this highest class, and combat the notion of the incompatibility of "the best states of mind" with the life of action. His aristocrats are the Samurai, guardians of the people and servants of their welfare. Mr. Bell would maintain that Mr. Wells does not know what civilization is; Mr. Wells, that such civilization as Mr. Bell desires is not worth having. Mr. Bell's insistence on esthetic values as the ultimate justification of life, however, will seem to many minds the logical conclusion of any social syllogism; and similarly Mr. Wells' statement of the premises will seem the only means of reaching that conclusion.

Mr. Wells points out that no social process today can be accepted as valid which does not comprise a world order. Such isolated national experiments as the Athens of Pericles, the Florence of the Medici, and France of Louis XIV are impossible, and lead nowhere in the modern world. Civilization, as Mr. Bell remarks, is without means of self-defense. The only sure ground for it is a world politically, socially and economically unified.

> To avoid the positive evils of war and to attain the new levels of prosperity and power that now come into view, an effective world control, not merely of armed force but of the production and main movements of staple commodities and the drift and expan-

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> sion of population, is required. It is absurd to dream of peace and world-wide progress without that much control. These things assured, the abilities and energies of a greatly increased proportion of human beings could be diverted to the happy activities of scientific research and creative work with an ever-increasing release and enlargement of human possibility.

Such enlargement might even include Mr. Bell's leisure class, consecrated specifically to the cultivation of "the best states of mind."

When we come to consider Mr. Wells' program on its practical side, the discrepancy between the means available and the end sought is as great as in the case of Mr. Bell. Mr. Wells' notion of the "Open Conspiracy," of people self-devoted to world redemption, is too familiar to need exposition, but the examples which he gives of their activities seem grotesquely inadequate.

> A group of students may find itself capable of little more than self-education and personal propaganda; a group of middle-class people in a small town may find its small resources fully engaged at first in such things as, for example, seeing that desirable literature is available for sale or in the local public library, protecting books and news-vendors from suppression, or influencing local teachers.

Very good! but one feels that such sewing circles are a long way from meeting the crucial problems of birth control in Italy or Japan. Mr. Wells insists on the necessity of attacking the world situation as a whole, and proposes to do it by adding to his "Outline of History" a "Science of Life" and a "Conquest of Power," presenting together a "complete modern world outlook," "the moral data of the new time," and "the forecast of a collective economic policy." His comprehensiveness is an inspiration, but it is easier to draw blue prints than to secure the site, the materials and the labor—in short, to build the edifice. One might think that Mr. Wells would have more patience with the Marxists, who are the only people who are trying to deal with the problem as a whole, and against whom he rails like the impenitent thief.

Mr. Bell and Mr. Wells, in spite of their fundamental difference, are agreed on many things. They insist on the importance of birth control. They believe in the limitation of private property: Mr. Wells in the form of collective control of sea and land and of "the getting, preparation and distribution of staple products, and in transport"; Mr. Bell in the form of the summary abolition of incomes of more than £3,000 a year. They condemn equally present forms of education. They abhor nationalism and war; they adore cosmopolitanism and peace. They believe in plain, free and frank speaking as a means to progress in any form. Mr. Bell upholds the participation of woman in civilization as the hetaira, and surely the New (now, alas! the old) Machiavelli in Mr. Wells will say amen. What, then, is to hinder these gentlemen from entering into genial coöperation as part of the Open Conspiracy? Their fundamental difference in temperament and outlook is the very thing which marks them as proper complements of each other. Mr. Wells makes religion his primary motive force, and religion "takes the individual out of his egotism for the service of the community." Mr. Bell makes noble egotism, the "cultivation of the best states of mind," his object, but he admits that its attainment by the few depends on the willing support of the many. Culture and religion seem to make a perfect harmony which might be appropriately recognized by a ritual, or at least an anthem—something like

> How firm a foundation, ye happy Clive Bells
> Is laid for your faith by the excellent Wells.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

"What Think Ye of Russia?"

The Fall of the Russian Empire, by Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., Ph. D. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 317 pages. $3.50.

Documents of Russian History, 1914-1917, by Frank Alfred Golder. Translated by Emanuel Aronsberg. New York: The Century Company. 648 pages. $4.

IMAGINATION, mysticism, and emotion," in Father Walsh's belief, "have played as important a part in Russian history as the political realities." Thus, "Lenin [shades of Vladimir Ilyich! "His name was Nicholas Ulianov"] . . . died the thousand living deaths of a deranged paralytic . . ." and "the Bolshevik sits grinning in the throne room of the Kremlin, munching sunflower seeds."

Father Walsh cannot decide whether "history be a science—which modern scholarship would seem to demand," or "literature, as I am inclined to believe it is," and so falls between two stools. "If history be a looking-glass," right becomes left and subjectivity is enthroned; "a mirror is useless to a blind man," and to the objective historian, who prefers a lens.

"With the indomitable faith which seems to seize upon and sway the imagination of all who fall under the spell of Russia's mysticism," Father Walsh presents "the triumph of folly." "The chronicling of the Russian Revolution may safely be left to the scientific historian"; Father Walsh, therefore, concentrates on "The Deluge," in terms more appropriate to The Fall. However, though dwelling lusciously on "The Part Played by a Woman," he manfully resists the temptation "to lay the whole blame for Russia's downfall on her shoulders." Of course, "had her son not been a chronic hæmophilic . . . the world might not have known the challenge of Bolshevism. . . ." In "A Revery in the Summer Palace," the "poor, little, weak husband" is made to thumb the pages of Russia's history; it is a veritable pipe-dream, in which stray facts float forlornly in a riot of fiction, where logic and consistency have no place: the *zemsky sobor* is a return to "primitive democratic traditions"; "Had there been an occasional Canossa in Russian history, there might have been no Red Terror"; the "Empress Anna Petrova"—who but Nicholas Romanov could seriously think such thoughts as these?

Yet Father Walsh's own thoughts are not always above suspicion. "It was Christian morality that first challenged the pagan concept of the intrinsic dignity of the human soul. . . ." The village communes "redistributed the holdings every ten or twelve years, and Grigor Grigorevich, the loafer, moved over on to the improved [exhausted?] land of Ivan Ivanovich, the frugal." Read, too, the comic caricature of Lenin, the parable of the rag doll and the gold watch that required "the same time and labor to complete," and the hard lot of the research professor "worthy only of the consideration accorded to the linotypist. . . ."

In the realm of facts, suspicion is stifled by amazement: "Varangian chieftains under Rurik and the Slavonic

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Princes Oleg and Igor"; after Emancipation, "the Government paid . . . all landholders four-fifths of the actual valuation, requiring the peasant—or the *mir*, as the case might be—to pay the balance. . . ."; "Turkish War of 1871"; "October 17, 1906, marking the establishing of a Duma"; "Ivan the First, called Great"—but this way yawns eternity. Too late does Father Walsh confess: *"Il n'est rien de plus honorable pour un historien que de dire, 'Je ne sais pas.'"*

In this waste of words the desert traveler longs for succor. And here Professor Golder's "Documents" play the role of camel. Ungainly, as a source-book needs must be, it is yet the surest means of transport to the oasis of truth. Utilizing his unrivalled opportunities, Professor Golder has brought together over 600 pages of documentary material relating to Russia's history from 1914 to 1917. Equipped with competent, concise introductions, well translated, these documents shed no uncertain light on The Fall of the Russian Empire, though precluded by their scope from illuminating the underlying causes or the results. Perhaps the excerpts from memoir literature might safely have been omitted, thus saving space for further documents less readily available. However, more are promised, "dealing with political, social, and economic problems." Whereas Father Walsh envisages a "volume which will deal specifically with the Bolshevist regime."

J. D. CLARKSON.

Animal Society

Social Life in the Animal World, by Friedrich Alverdes. International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 216 pages. $3.75.

WHENEVER a scientist reports upon his observations of the social life of animals, two questions leap into the mind of the critic: (a) How does he interpret instincts? (b) By what processes of analogy does he reason from animal to human societies, or *vice versa?* Alverdes clarifies his stand on instincts in an introductory chapter in which he states that every act, A, is the function of a constant, C, and a variable, V, or A=f (C, V). In this formula, C stands for instincts and V symbolizes intelligence, or whatever it is which permits an organism to vary its behavior. C and V are not to be understood as forces in conflict, but merely as symbols for two aspects of the same reality. The constant, C, gives biological meaning to an act; the addition of a variable, V, does not permit behavior to go beyond its biological limitations, but it does allow for a wide scope of diversity in response.

Both C and V are involved in all behavior. At one time and in one kind of situation the instinctive, impulsive forces play a predominant part and then behavior becomes $A = C > V$, and at other times C is less than V, $C < V$. Behavior is not divided into "conscious" and "unconscious," "emotional" and "rational," "instinct" and "intelligence," but it is all of these at the same time. And it is because of this unity of behavior that "the notion of instinct defies all attempt to explain it." Perhaps it were better to abandon the attempt to explain the concept "instinct" as if it were a noun; our habits of thought and speech lead us to think of nouns as symbols for real objects, but there can be no such *thing* as an instinct. Those inherited forces of control and direction which distinguish species and are relatively fixed may be much more readily thought of as adjectives, that is, qualifying attributes of every act. Thus, instead of indicating an instinct of gregariousness for certain animals, it might be better to say: in the behavior of certain animals there is apparently an *instinctive* or impulsive component which is favorable to gregarious life.

Alverdes recognizes much of this newer interpretation of the concept of instinct, and in some instances does a great deal to clarify further its meaning; but, like so many others in this field, he intermittently falls back upon the older definitions. Thus, he speaks of specific instincts, such as nest-building, and he even goes so far as to call the arrow-headed flying of wild geese a pure instinct. His main positions are, however, in harmony with recent trends. When, for example, he insists that man's comparative lack of instinctive certainty makes intelligence and tradition more compelling for him than for other animals, one glimpses the clue for a higher type of determinism. And, when he points out that even in nest-building the older birds are capable of better workmanship than the younger, one recognizes modificability in instinctive behavior.

The bulk of this volume consists of a valuable collection of observations of social behavior among a wide variety of animals. The so-called social insects, bees, ants, and termites, occupy only twenty-three pages. Considerable attention is given to the sex habits of numerous animals, a problem which is, according to Alverdes, far less simple than has been assumed by the uninitiated. He distinguishes at least sixteen varieties of sexual association and four types of families. Promiscuity is extremely rare among gregarious animals, but is the normal form for many solitary animals; polyandry occurs only as a form of solitary seasonal mateship and invariably occurs where the males are considerably smaller than the females. One important conclusion for sociology is the observation that in herds where polygamy is the rule the structure of the herd differs considerably during sexual and asexual periods. Some animals, dogs for example, have become promiscuous through domestication.

Alverdes distinguishes between closed and open societies, and between organized and unorganized communities among animals. The closed society, a so-called insect-state, e. g., is closed to non-members, whereas in open societies there is less exclusion. Animals accustomed to life in a closed society do not easily adapt themselves to other forms; according to Kohler, "a chimpanzee kept in solitary confinement is no true chimpanzee and becomes such only as a member of a group." Also, there are varieties of leaders in organized open societies among animals; there are leaders who actually guide and others who merely serve as a focal point, a rallying-center. Very little that is new is related of insect societies, although several more or less fanciful but popularly believed phenomena are corrected. The treatment of play among animals follows Groos and Pfungst for the most part and is none too convincing.

The closing chapter, entitled "Human Sociology from a Biological Standpoint," distinguishes three aspects of difference between human and animal social life: (a) men possess certain mental qualities possessed by no other animal; (b) man has almost everything to learn by experience, and a long period of youth in which to do it; (c) man's use of language as a tool of communication enables him to live a cumulative culture. But, aside from these discriminations, "every species, including the human species, has assigned to it a definite morphological, physiological and psychological scope beyond whose limits it cannot go." Every phase of behavior has a physiological and psychological basis, and it

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is therefore erroneous to suppose that human institutions such as state, religion, and marriage are arbitrary and imposed from without; they have arisen to meet an inner need of man as a species. Ethics is derived primarily from man's instinctive life as a social creature. Man's groupings were in all probability organized, closed communities in the beginning, but they tend to become free associations. Solitary life is a lower form and herd life exists only among the higher animals. Fancied freedom among animals and primitive man is a myth; relative freedom is achieved through developing forms of organized, open societies.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

He Who Laughs Last

This Way Out, by Philip Littell. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

THIS we are willing to call the definitive story of the Garden of Eden. Though Mr. Littell was anticipated by several narrators, he has shown us that there was still some thunder left to steal. But it remains a pity that we could not have had his version first, for then we might have been spared some others which are less canonical.

The outlines of the story have been told by Moses, or by some writer of the same name; our present author is content to fill in a few neglected details, and to supply some needed commentary and explanation. The details are artistically plausible, the commentary intellectually urbane; the explanation is so ingenious that it explains nothing, and is itself a kind of comment.

Mr. Littell opens his narrative *in medias res*. Besides its human and animal inhabitants, the Garden is enlivened by the presence of two fallen angels: the talkative Apollyon, in the form of a parrot, and the silent Beëlzebub, a stork. These two are soon joined by their third partner, Lucifer, and the polite social circle of Adam and Eve is complete. They are all on the friendliest possible terms; although the fallen angels have come on business, they remain for pleasure, for they cannot believe, after making the acquaintance of our First Parents, that they are really an experiment of much cosmic importance. Jovah, as the Creator is called, remains throughout a somewhat stolid enigma; his likeness to a captain of industry is striking. (The fallen angels, according to this latest account, were expelled from heaven for forming a labor union whose purpose was to lower the twelve-hour shifts of adoration to eight-hour shifts.) His dogmatic orders in council are delivered by Raphael, here pictured as the type of prosy and well oiled subaltern, and Abdiel, a clean-living, red-blooded athlete. When Lucifer and Abdiel meet for the first time after the war in heaven, the following characteristic conversation ensues:

> "The better angel won," said Lucifer.
> "I got all the breaks," said Abdiel.
> "Now that," said the parrot, "is what I call sportsmanship."

Man mopes in Paradise, but until he discovers love and death—the human aspect of cause and effect—he cannot find his way out to the great open spaces. For a long time he does not even try to get out, for Lucifer enthralls him by the magic of—golf! But golf is only one of the means by which Lucifer attempts to satisfy Adam with his lot. And the friendly fiend is apparently in a fair way to succeed, when Jovah's messengers, by dint of repeatedly calling Adam's attention to the forbidden tree, make him turn desperately to this indicated disobedience, as a way out of the unbearable monotony of Paradise.

Though Mr. Littell condescends occasionally to merely topical satire and colloquial fooling, he phrases his story on the whole with such polished and graceful irony that to read it is an almost continuous delight. His language is pitched in a low and quiet key, almost conversational in effect; he writes so well, indeed, that many present-day readers will not suspect him of writing well at all. His book is not journalistically "timely"—but we may hazard the guess that "timeliness" is an aid it can afford to dispense with. For "This Way Out" is easily the most civilized commentary, as it is the most "realistic"—to use a word with which Adam never sullied his lips—that has appeared since Eden was rediscovered.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

The Negro Laborer

Rainbow Round My Shoulder, by Howard W. Odum. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 323 pages. $3.

PROFESSOR ODUM'S book is chiefly remarkable for the form in which he has chosen to write it. It is, in substance, the skillfully heard and carefully recorded story of the wandering life of a Negro laborer. The passages are related in the first person in a sort of monologue. Whether it is really the narrative of a single man, or the fused story of man, cannot be said: the successful effort has been made to deduce a type. But between the chapters of Black Ulysses' tale, Professor Odum has interspersed explanatory comment of his own, after the manner of Mrs. Lewis and her Trader Horn. These, I believe, are at once the more significant and less successful part of the book. Less successful, because they interpret the narrative from an intellectual and moral distance; and more significant, because they reflect the distance between the true, masculine labor type and his even most liberal and sympathetic but cloistered friend. The comments are from a distance, kindly but pitying. And Black Ulysses needs no pity.

"Black Ulysses," writes Professor Odum, "a brown black man, mixed up in a white man's civilization, wandering in a black man's world. Though he travel the whole world over, to the white man he is a Negro or a number." But the author is not content to allow his black man to wander in a black man's world; and Black Ulysses is not conscious of the fact that "to the white man he is a Negro or a number." To himself he is a casual and accepted fact and he sees the world from himself out. Professor Odum, I think, misses the pertinent fact that each of us provides his own norm, modelled after himself. We judge those about us for strangeness or distortion as they are like or unlike ourselves. And so they judge us.

Moreover, I believe that "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" is a proletarian rather than a racial document. The financial amorality that it reflects, the varied and easy sex life, the brutality—even the habit of song—are the outgrowth rather of the habits of itinerant labor than of a negroid inheritance.

This, of course, is not true of the songs themselves and the phrases of dialect, many of them new and all interesting, recorded here. It is true of the consciousness of labor oppression and the resentful acceptance of inevitable boss-rule. And it is even true of the subjects of

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the songs, which no longer praise a plantation god; but tell of work along the railways, a variety of jails and of seductive and casual lovely women.

The publishers have judiciously increased the bulk of the volume by adding twenty-odd quite ordinary illustrations done in the popular and mechanical "woodcut technique." M. P. LEVY.

Herbert Booth

Herbert Booth: A Biography, by Ford C. Ottman. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 455 pages. $2.50.

PENTECOSTAL tongues of fire are more acceptable when they descend on a mass meeting for the saving of souls than when they land on the printed page. Salvationists will probably be interested in this so-called biography. Dr. Ottman is much concerned with the autocracy of their Army, which he says is more complete than that of the Roman Catholic Church and is perhaps only paralleled in religious history by the Society of Jesus. Herbert Booth was the fifth child of the founder of the Salvation Army. He resigned from that organization in 1902 after having had charge of its affairs in the British Isles, Canada and Australia. The reason for his resignation was the unbending character of General William Booth. From 1902 to his death in 1926 in Yonkers, N. Y., Herbert Booth led the life of an itinerant evangelist. Much of the poignancy and drama of this life which in some ways traces the climax of the great welfare movement of the end of the nineteenth century is lost in the diffuse and camp-meeting style of writing employed by Dr. Ottman. C. A. C.

Recent Fiction

The Children, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

IN "The Children" Mrs. Wharton has developed an elementary theme, the conflicting appeal of woman, in the singular, and child, in the plural. Martin Boyne, crossing the Mediterranean to meet at Cortina the woman whom he has loved for years and who is now free to marry him, is overtaken by youth in the form of a family of children, the result of social miscegenation between certain old friends of his, the Cliffe Wheaters, and others, including an Italian prince and a movie actress. The case of the child, as victim of the domestic misadventures of parents, which Henry James explored in "What Maisie Knew," is here elaborated, for there are seven children; and there is no question of what they know, for they know everything, and have bound themselves by an oath to stand together in their tottering world. Their appeal to Boyne's paternal chivalry is sharpened by Judy, the eldest, the mother *pro tem.*, for whom his feeling is perfectly that of the foster lover in Francis Thompson's "The Poppy."

> Between the clasp of his hand and hers
> Lay, felt not, twenty withered years.

All this and the attitude of Mrs. Sellars, fastidious and understanding, is rendered in Mrs. Wharton's best manner. The situation threatens at the close to topple over the verge of the preposterous, but Mrs. Wharton saves it—or almost—and the epilogue, which is all that life leaves to Martin and Mrs. Sellars, rings with the truth of the inevitable.

Brook Evans, by Susan Glaspell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

MISS GLASPELL has returned to fiction with increased understanding and power. In "Brook Evans" she follows the conflict of love and duty through two generations. Naomi Kellogg is defrauded of her life by the death of her lover, Joe Copeland, and in despair marries Caleb Evans. She resolves desperately that her daughter and Joe's shall have what she missed, and she schemes to outwit Caleb and send Brook away with her lover. The revelation to Brook that she is not Caleb's daughter, however, turns the girl to her foster father with passionate loyalty. The story of this struggle among the three is the finest thing Miss Glaspell has done in its psychological truth and sheer human pathos. Poor, draggled Naomi, fighting for what she knows is the true Brook, is a tragic mother. Years later Brook finds herself with passion once more on one side, and on the other, her young son—who learns her decision beside the brook, which, from being the meeting-place of Joe and Naomi, winds through the novel as a symbol of the beauty of adventure. This return upon itself of the story is a happy example of Miss Glaspell's almost ironical deftness and candor.

Heritage, by Rose C. Feld. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A NOVEL of a single clean thrust, by virtue of the dominance of its theme, the assured presentation of its characters in their relation to each other and the environment, the simplicity and economy of its narrative done with a hand that never wavers or faults. It is a story of the land, not the prairie which yields itself joyfully to conquest, but a rugged New Hampshire farm which resists and defies its human possessors, and through the spirit of Sarah Wetherby, wife, mother and grandmother, makes them its slaves. Further praise of "Heritage" is an impertinence.

All Kneeling, by Anne Parrish. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A COMEDY of exploitation. Christabel Caine learns her art as a child in a feminine world of great-aunts, aunts, mother and lady teachers, and practises it in a feminized one, of artists, lovers, club women, literature, luxury and war. Only in the more masculine world of England is there a break in the adoring attitude of her worshipers, and Christabel does not like England. Her method is not subtle; but it is uncommonly adroit in the persistent malice of its exercise. The quality of the book is in the copiousness and variety with which Mrs. Parrish plays variations upon the theme that Homer set in the story of Helen and the old men on the walls of Troy. R. M. L.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, English publicist, is the author of "Olives of Endless Age," and other books.

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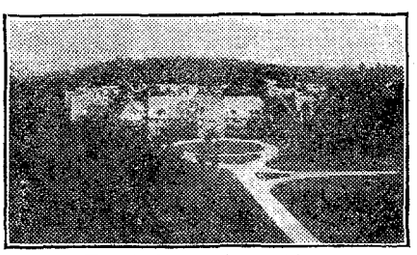

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